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BY FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE DISAPPOINTED SUITOR;

OR,

The Jilt and the Jilted.

When I was young, it so fell out,
I fell in love with Jane,
Whose Pa made her the barmaid at
His public in Love Lane.

She had a niceish form, and would
Have formed a niceish wife;
With such a duck I could have spent
A peaceful happy life.

My offer did not suit her Ma,
Who therefore marred my suit,
And sent me to the right about
(I write about a brute).

"Till I had got," she said in huff,
"Enough to marry on,
Her child I should not carry off:"
Thus she did carry on.

This treatment plunged me into grief,
And also made me cry;
I bought a cambric, eyed my wipe,
And then I wiped my eye.

To wealth I didn't see the way,
So went away to sea,
To try if tossing 'd cure me, but
The tossing much tried me.

I lay so sick, for full a week,
So weak and full of pain,
That cross and wild I swore I'd ne'er
The wild sea cross again.

When I got well—pray note the change—
I changed my note and cried:
If she is not my bride to be,
"The sea shall be my pride!"

But, O! it was a jolly life,
That life before the mast;
When work was done, we'd pass the can,
But never scan the past.

We'd make the piper tune his pipes,
Then pipe a tune; we'd joke,
And till the boatswain piped all hands,
All hands a pipe would smoke.

When in the chains I heaved the lead
For Jane I'd heave a sigh,
And had some hopes of splicing her
While splicing ropes was I.

When board the ship I'd been two years,
Here's to her jolly health,
I thought of going home again,
For I had gained much wealth.

Our work done in the ship of war,
Right round we "wore the ship;"
We neared the land we hankered for,
Then let the anchor slip.

I jumped on shore and took a drain,
The train took me to town,
A cab to Love Lane took me
And there I set me down.

I walked into the private bar,
A private bar'd the way,
I pushed the soldier on one side
And shouldered him away.

Once more I saw my little Jane,
A little changed in looks,
She'd altered at the altar, too,
Her name to that of Snooks.

I felt so crushed at hearing this,
I crushed my new felt hat;
To think the maid I'd flattered should
Have made me such a flat!

My happiness and peace she'd wrecked,
She'd reckoned them as nought,
I vow I'll never court again,
Or e'er again be caught.

Young women all, you're heartless jades,
Yet full of arts and wiles;
Your protestations are all sham,
And counterfeit your smiles.

So I'll ne'er wed nor slip into
The matrimonial noose!
Unless I *altar*, sure I will
Wed nothing but the Muse!

ANNETTI GALETTI. DANSEUSE. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

THE MOONLIGHT RING;

OR,

THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE TWO-HANDED SWORD.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BERNARD AT THE GRANGE—HIS LAVISH EXPENDITURES—LATOUR'S SECOND SIGHT—THE GAME OF DOMINOES—A FORGERY SUSPECTED.

Two months have elapsed. The memory of a national convulsion becomes chastened in that time. Is it surprising, then, that the recollection of Lucy Marsden's sudden disappearance from the Grange, and the installation of a new master, should have passed almost away? The present situation of affairs can be traced in a few lines. Hugh Bernard was correct in his anticipations. The power he possessed as the undisputed dispenser of such vast wealth had trod down the suspicion of the world. He was pronounced a capital fellow; while his former associates, who, in his dilemma, were eager to dub him rogue and swindler, now declared his degradation to be only misfortune and a desperate run of "deuced ill luck," for Lucy Marsden's will had been proved, and the whole of her vast wealth had descended to her tormentor. Under this will there was also a provision for Latour, and another for Gabrielle. Latour occupied a vacant room in the lodge with Anatole and his niece. Charley Robinson was the steward of the Marsden estates. The Countess of Walsoken had sold off her goods and chattels in Belgrave square, and was living in dignified retirement as a boarder in Cutton House, Brighton. Miss Minkin had changed her name to Chapman, and, with her husband, was in the lucrative but unaristocratic business of a marine store dealer at Gravesend. Such, in short—in the brief space of two months—were the chances and the changes. Here we go up, up, up—here we go down, down, down. Thus wags the old world to eternity. But if the recollection of events fade away, the memory of persons continued. Thus it was that the remembrance of Lucy Marsden lingered with the villagers of Marsden. Each of those she had benefitted—and whom had she not?—still mourned her, except one. Each of them wore some badge—however humble—however slight—of modest mourning, except one. M. Anatole almost abandoned his assaults on the irregular verbs of his native land. The people forsook for a time their usual employments—all, except one. The demeanor—the dress—the occupations of that one person were unchanged. The reader will hardly surmise the sole exception in outward sign of inward regret, was Antony Latour, the creole. He would not believe that Lucy Marsden was dead! The villagers reminded him of the misery of her life—of the letter in her own writing—of the will she had traced with her own hand. It fell as the sunbeams fall on a rock, which illumes, but changes it not. He would not believe that Lucy Marsden was dead! Soon as the accounts of the estate could be audited, he abandoned the Grange. The legacy left by his mistress was sufficient; and, as before stated, he took up his residence in the lodge. Once—and only once—he urged Gabrielle to again relate the conversation she had overheard in the very room he now occupied; but, on Gabrielle reminding him that any consequent inquiry might lead to the revelation of the secret which his dead mistress had perished to conceal, he was ever afterward silent on the subject. Bernard had not yet honored the metropolis with his presence. He remained at Marsden Grange, winning, by slow degrees, the country families to his acquaintance. For this purpose he hunted the best pack of harriers that had been seen on the countryside for many a long day. So the hunting men gathered round him. He subscribed extravagantly to the local charities. So the clergymen visited him. He invited the most desirable bachelors of London, and opened the long-discussed but newly-decorated rooms of the Grange for elaborate dinner parties and magnificent balls. So the marrying mammas battled for invites on behalf of the "dear girls," and blessed their stars that the master of Marsden had inherited the property. So the chill, icy-mannered Capt. Bernard became a popular man—as all men are more or less popular, when, on a mass of wealth, they are raised above their fellows. For Capt. Hugh Bernard the world wore a perpetual smile, yet was he not entirely contented; he had been the tyrant—he was now the slave. Ephraim Light—the unscrupulous money lender—was his master; nor did Ephraim spare the whip. How bitterly it was applied this story will soon relate. It now meanders through the lodge of Anatole. The old Frenchman had one of his old attacks, and during his wandering, had been, in imagination, addressing Lucy Marsden. Gabrielle was deploring a return which she had hoped would never again occur.

"Gabrielle," spoke Latour, "is not the clear revelation of nature to nature deemed hallucination, by a world bound in conventional fetters of its own forging?"

"I do not quite understand you," answered Gabrielle.

"An example, then. I am called a dreamer—an enthusiast—a wizard. It is because I have a power. A certain instinct within tells me that something is about to happen—something extraordinary, incomprehensible. Why that feeling should pervade me I know not. It comes unbidden; but when it comes, though its voice be silent, the truth proves itself with trumpet tongue."

"Really, Mr. Latour," replied Gabrielle, "your ways are, at times, so strange that, like the servants at the Grange, I get almost frightened."

"Shall I tell you that when first I experienced this knowledge, this contact of my inner self with the world invisible, that I trembled, shuddered like an aspen leaf in a stormy gale? But use banishes fear, and I shudder no longer?"

With a pleasant, wicked smile, Gabrielle touched her forehead, and glanced towards her uncle.

"Ah! I understand," good-humoredly laughed Latour; "you believe that I am mad—"

"Merely just a little, and then only at times."

"I'll give you the best possible proof of my sanity. You believe Lucy Marsden dead—"

"Alas!" murmured Gabrielle, with a look of sad, placid resignation; "alas!"

I *know* she is still alive!"

"Wherefore?"

"Because," replied the creole, "whenever a Marsden perishes, the moon herself forms the portent of their departure. The moon gave no sign, and therefore, clear to me it is that Lucy Marsden lives still!"

Gabrielle nearly bit her lip through to check the rising laugh.

"That," continued Latour, "to my tropic mind, is all-convincing; but now I propose a test by which I shall convert you."

Gabrielle looked up seriously and suddenly.

"Before you seek your couch this night you shall be as certain as I am."

"But how?"

"I can't tell you—I don't know; but the instinct within me so informs me—and my instinct never lies!"

"Here's Charley!" she exclaimed, not unwilling to change the topic as she admitted her lover.

"Gabrielle, I am rather late this evening. Rare doings at the Grange. What with lights, and noise, and music—"

"Ah, naughty boy; I zall a vhip you! You are rare neglect—your lessong you never tak—you are so—ha! ha!—so busy!"

The Frenchman returned to the irregular verbs, but not before he had several times pointed to his blushing niece as an illustration of his witticism. Charley Robinson did as many wise men have done before him. He adopted as the best way of pleading his cause with the young—making himself agreeable to the old.

"Will you give me revenge to-night, M. Anatole, eh? I was most shamefully defeated last evening!"

Anatole chuckled.

"Gabrielle, ze domino—ze domino! Dis boy I vill beat once more!"

The girl brought down the box and divided the dominoes; with her little delicate fingers, between her uncle and her lover. How Charley would have liked to have kissed them! In the war of dominoes the Frenchman was ever the conquerer, and for this simplest of all possible reasons—that he was always studying the game, while Charley was studying Gabrielle. There could be little doubt which was the more agreeable occupation of the two.

"Yes," muttered Latour; "I shall know to-night."

"You are still dreaming, Mr. Latour!" exclaimed Gabrielle.

"On the contrary," replied the creole, "I am more truly awake than ever. By-the-way, Miss Gabrielle, I have several times asked you for the key of the tall cupboard in my bed room. Is it yet found?"

"Spare your just reproach; take the key, and accord your forgiveness. Here it is. I found it to-day!"

"Thanks! The offence—if offence it be—is more than condoned by the sweet smile with which you implore forgiveness."

Latour rose, though it was yet early, and apparently prepared for rest.

"You are going so soon?"

"When this presence is upon me," reflectively replied Latour, "it is my desire to be alone. But I shall see you again before you retire to rest."

Gabrielle made a gesture of inquiry.

"To tell you whether Miss Marsden is alive or dead. If the former, I depart to seek her, though seas divide us! If the latter, I depart to die myself in the dear land which saw my birth!"

Gabrielle forbore to combat the idea of Latour further.

"Good night!" she said.

Both Anatole and Charley were at the same moment about to bid him farewell.

"Not good night!" replied Latour; "not good night! I shall return soon!"

And with these words Latour slowly sought his bed room.

"Whatever ails Mr. Latour this evening?" asked Charley.

"Indeed, at times," answered Gabrielle, "he is so mysterious that he completely frightens me! He will not believe that Miss Marsden lives no longer!"

"Why?"

"Because the 'Fate of the House of Marsden' did not glimmer the night before her death!"

"'Tis a strange superstition!" replied Charley; "but, of course, I don't believe a word of it!"

"I have seen it!" replied Gabrielle, rather solemnly; "the last time, almost, that I was with Miss Marsden!"

"Ah! proceeded Charley, losing his game to M. Anatole's delight, "you are worse than Latour!"

Gabrielle shook her head but said no more. A fresh game of dominoes, proposed by Charley, was commenced. Gabrielle was busy at some embroidery. Throughout the little room a dead silence reigned. Up stairs the footsteps of the creole, as he paced his apartment, could be distinctly heard.

"In the morning we shall have the laugh of the clever Mr. Latour. He prophesied the failure of Miss Lucy's marriage with Capt. Bernard. He has lived on the reputation of its fulfilment ever since. The event of this evening will destroy it."

"Mind, Gabrielle, the evening has not yet passed."

The footsteps of Latour, in the bedroom, suddenly ceased for a few moments only, and then he could be heard descending the stairs. Gabrielle, in spite of herself, was deeply stirred. Could Latour, after all, have spoken the truth? Charley shared the sympathy, and, to the surprise of Anatole, ceased his game. They all three, as if moved by one spirit, watched the door. Latour entered, calm, collected as when, but a short while since, he had left their presence. He drew his chair to the table, and looked upon the group.

"My instinct did not deceive me," he said; "Lucy Marsden lives still."

"Lives!" screamed Gabrielle; "and you, Mr. Latour, so unmoved!"

"I express no surprise," replied the creole, "because I feel none. Because I was sure, as of my own existence. The proof that she is the victim of some awful treachery shall be as clear to you as to me. Observe, now, how this proof comes. Not by supernatural means, not revealed by a lightning flash, or by violation of nature's law, but simply by a sequence of every day events."

Gabrielle was pale with expectation.

"I have asked you several times for the key of the cupboard in that which was now my room, but which had been on one occasion occupied by Bernard and his friend."

Gabrielle whispered an eager "Yes."

"But this key was not found by you till this evening."

Gabrielle again muttered "Yes."

"What so natural but that, the first thing I do when I enter my bedroom, should be to open the cupboard?"

"It's exactly what I should have done myself," interrupted Charley.

"In that cupboard I find a suit of clothes, worn by the Captain when he occupied your room; discarded by him when he quitted to come to the Grange. Is it surprising that I should somehow connect these clothes with the warning that was dulling the pulsation of my heart?"

A pause.

"I searched the pockets, and there I discovered the solution of the mystery."

Gabrielle's lips were pale, and she detected herself grasping the hand of Charley in her intense excitement.

"Two pieces of crumpled paper—nothing more."

"Two pieces of crumpled paper?"

Latour tossed them on the table, and drawing the candles nearer, spread them out before him.

One of these was the letter written by Lucy, which Hugh Bernard had showed Ephraim Light at the "World's End," the lone house by the river.

On the other were the early attempts at imitation made by the hunchback, Long-shore Dick, terminating, as the reader knows, by such a wondrous forgery, that it was impossible to distinguish the original from the copy.

"Do you now surmise the truth?" asked Latour. "Do you not comprehend that the letter received by you, announcing her suicide, was never penned by her? The hand that forged this (pointing to the work of the hunchback), forged that. It is a wicked plot, which I to its very depths will sound."

The steadiness of Latour abandoned him. Light flashed in his eye; passion quivered through his frame.

"Whither do you go, so late?" asked Gabrielle.

"To London," quickly replied Latour, "to seek Athol Clement; then together, through the world if necessary, to find my wronged young mistress, Lucy Marsden."

CHAPTER XXVII.

ATHOL CLEMENT'S INTERVIEW WITH THE MONEY-LENDER—HE GETS A CLUE TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF LUCY MARSDEN.

MR. EPHRAIM LIGHT'S offices in Beaufort Buildings did not, regarded externally, give any notion of the immense amount of various business which was transacted therein. In the outer office there sat a dark, sharp-featured young man, who had originally come up to London as stupid as an owl, but whom the instruction and experience gained in his present employ rendered as sharp as his master's practice. The office was frequently deserted by this young gentleman, who on such occasions was accustomed to pin on the outside door, "Return in ten minutes." Any client who had the sublime confidence to trust in such an announcement, invariably found himself most bitterly disappointed. Although this circumstance came, as a matter of course, to the ears of the "governor," that governor took the most lenient view of his neglect, for the following reasons: because "Mr." Dodd was very cheap; because Mr. Dodd rather delighted than otherwise in any dirty work in which he was employed; finally, because Mr. Dodd was very shrewd—he knew by instinct to whom his master was in, or to whom he chose to be out; beside that he operated as a sort of sieve through which genuine borrowers filtrated to the presence of his master, for Mr. Light was a gentleman who advertised in the daily papers that he had "Money to lend at the lowest market rate to noblemen, gentlemen, officers in the army, or heirs to entailed estates, on their notes of hand only."

Mr. Dodd had fallen asleep over the well-conned columns of *Bell's Life*, when a sharp knock at the outer door aroused him from his slumber.

"Oh, come in!" he exclaimed lazily; "turn the handle, and come in."

It was Athol Clement, fresh from his interview with Latour, who had suggested that the artist should visit the money-lender under pretence of business, in the hope that by some stray word he might hint the existence or the whereabouts of Lucy. Latour's search was in a different direction.

"Mr. Light, I presume?" said Athol, raising his hat.

"No," replied the clerk, spite of himself somewhat flattered at being mistaken for his master; "but he won't be long. Won't you take a seat?"

"Thank you," answered the other, accepting the invitation, "came in consequence of an advertisement."

"All right, sir. Mr. Light will be proud and happy to attend to you—proud and happy."

"The—em—the amount I require," said Athol, "is some what considerable. Perhaps it might be beyond Mr. Light's power to——"

"What?" answered Dodd, whose pride was involved in the extent of his master's dealings. "Why, Mr. Light is as rich as the whole tribe of the Jews—a tabernacle full of 'em."

"Indeed! I am happy to find I have come to so prosperous a gentleman. Money in the funds, I suppose? Will you take a cigar?"

"Guv'nor don't allow smoking in office hours; but, my eye! ain't they full-flavored Havanas!"

"Take half a dozen; you'll find them good."

"Well, I will, thank ye. Money in the funds? No; Guv'nor knows investments twice over as good as that."

"But I observe by his advertisements that he charges only the market interest."

"Well," continued Dodd, screwing up his mouth, "with a trifle for the extra risk."

"Ah, yes, of course," acquiesced the other, "that is to be expected. Landed property, eh?"

"Hundreds of acres."

"Indeed! Where, may I ask, are they situated?"

"Banks of the Thames."

"Charming spot?"

"Well, it ain't so very charming; you would say so if you were to see it. On the Essex shore, you know."

"Marsh, I suppose?"

"At present, yes. But the governor has just drawn out the prospectus of such a stunning spec—the new Patent Guano Bonedust Hydraulic Machine and Draining Company. If the governor floats it, won't it make his land worth a trifle then—that's all!"

"Does he reside there?"

"Reside there? Oh, that's a good 'un! Why, Lord bless you, there ain't a respectable brick on the place—only a bit of a public, where there ain't no customers!"

"Indeed! What's the sign of it?"

"Now, whatever do you think? Ha! ha!—it's the 'World's End.' Only I should think it has been built before the world was begun, for my part."

Athol took a mental note of that remark.

"Do you think Mr. Light will be long? If so, I can call again to-morrow. I——"

"You'd better stay, sir, since you are here. Fact is, if you want accommodation, this is a good time. I suspect the governor made a lucky hit, he's in such a first-rate temper. He's coming; I can hear his step."

Athol rose as Light entered.

"Gentleman, sir," said Dodd, "on business!"

Ephraim knew that the stranger was a likely client, as he loved to call his victims, inasmuch as his clear-sighted Dodd had permitted him to stay. Consequently he assumed his fawning, obsequious manner as he requested Athol to walk into the inner office. This room was furnished in the modern style of expensive simplicity. A heavy office table, replete with ingenious contrivances for the reception and arrangement of papers; a thick Brussels carpet; chairs spring-stuffed in the purest morocco, and formed of the rarest-grained mahogany. The "office manner" of Mr. Light was a compound of neatness and precision. He brushed his hat before he hung it on the accustomed hook; he bathed his hands in his elaborate wash-stand; and then seating himself in the easiest of all easy chairs, with its back to the window, so that his own face might be in shade, while the light shone full on that of the client, he rubbed his palms together with a gentle, ambulatory motion, and waited for Athol to commence.

"I have seen an advertisement in the daily papers," Athol began, "by which you offer to lend money at the market rate. That is so, is it not?"

"I am happy to accommodate on those terms, with—em—a slight extra per centage. May I inquire the name of the gentleman to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

"Charles Cavendish," replied Athol.

"Em! of the Cavendish family?"

"A distant branch—yes. But I regard this as merely a preliminary conversation to a business arrangement. The sum I require is somewhat large. If it should be beyond your power to furnish, you will oblige me by at once saying so."

Mr. Light replied to this by taking a long, loose leathern case, perfectly gorged with bills, from a drawer in his writing table. From this mass he selected one.

"There, sir!—you see I have erased the acceptance—but there, sir!—a bill for eleven thousand pounds! If ever I had confidence in paper being honored, that was the bill. I paid it away; it was not met; the banker's clerk who brought me the notice of dishonor, took away my check, drawn on the instant, for the amount."

"The sum I required," returned the supposed Cavendish, "is but two thousand."

"I will make one or two inquiries, Mr. Cavendish, on information you shall yourself furnish. If the result be satisfactory, you can have the cash to-morrow."

"My need is not so urgent," answered Athol. Your capability alone occasioned this preliminary inquiry. Of my responsibility there can, I should fancy, be little doubt."

Athol was now on the point of departure; yet no opportunity had presented itself to introduce the true object of his visit. Light supplied it himself.

"Was it solely from noticing my advertisement that you did me the favor to call?"

"Not entirely," answered Athol, eagerly availing himself of the opening thus offered. "I understood, indirectly, that you had advanced large sums of money, at different times, to that most mysterious individual, Capt. Hugh Bernard."

"Since you have mentioned his name," said the money lender, "which I, believe me, would not have done for the world, I may acknowledge that—yes, the captain is a—em—friend of mine."

"His present large fortune was somewhat romantically obtained. There are many strange stories—"

"I have heard some," answered Light.

"Do you not think it very singular, Mr. Light," pursued Athol, "that, despite of every effort, no trace of the unhappy lady's body was ever discovered?"

"My dear sir—my dear sir," answered the money lender, "a thing of every day occurrence, I assure you. The evidence to convince a court of probate is somewhat cogent; and if they were satisfied, I can only assume that we must likewise be content."

"As far as I am concerned," continued Athol, "I have no interest—none whatever in the matter; but, as a bystander, I must acknowledge that I had some doubts on the matter. For instance, the merciless control that your friend possessed over her; the incident of the incomplete marriage; the great wealth which descended—"

"True—perfectly true," acknowledged Light; "but still only matter for the merest suspicion. Then the world is so envious—so very envious of success."

"Yet there are reports."

"Indeed! I should like to hear them."

Here Light spoke the truth; he wished to know his danger in order that he might guard against it.

"Really, they are so minutely circumstantial, and yet at other times so general, that I confess I do not perfectly understand or even recollect them. Was there not a letter, or something, written by Miss Marsden herself on the eve of her supposed suicide?"

"We'll say suicide, if you please," replied Light, with an unnatural smile. "'Supposed' we'll leave out of the question—at least for the present."

"I accept your reproof, Mr. Light, though it has driven my last remark from my memory. Let me see; what was it?"

"The letter."

"Ah, yes, of course; the letter written by Miss Marsden? Well, but, dear me, I had half forgotten——"

"Forgotten what?"

"That you, Mr. Light, were the person to whom the Captain owed so large a sum."

"What could I have to do with it?"

"With what?"

"The report of which you spoke."

"Really, I am sorry," said Athol, with well dissembled confusion, "that I should so awkwardly have stumbled on the topic."

"I can gather sufficient to suspect, Mr. Cavendish, from your disjointed observations, that this report, though in what manner it is impossible to divine, refers to me. Tell me the truth now frankly, does it not?"

"Twas an idle rumor—nothing more," exclaimed Athol; "and, as you say, people will talk."

"I am aware of that, Mr. Cavendish; my only curiosity is as to what they say."

"You extort it, then!" cried Athol, with a smile.

"If that be the word you choose to select, I also adopt it—'extort!'"

"Then," said Athol, changing his manner to one of the strongest determination, and leaning over the table face to his face—"they *do* say that that letter was a deliberate forgery at your instigation, and that they were determined to seek Lucy Marsden—even to the *World's End*."

This double shot struck home. The face of the money-lender blanched, and an impulsive shudder shot along his nerves. Athol hid his exultation by a return to his former manner.

"But, of course, this is the merest report, bred of excited imaginations. You are not offended, I trust?"

"Offended?" stammered Light; "not I! I hope I am too much a man of the world to be affected for a moment by so trumpery an accusation. My character, sir——"

"is doubtless beyond reproach. May I call to-morrow—say at three o'clock?"

"At three. Good day, Mr. Cavendish."

Athol could not take the offered hand; he dropped his hat as though by accident, and his attempt to recover it avoided the proffered salutation. Without a word or glance at Dodd, he rushed down-stairs into the street. Lucy, his beloved Lucy, might yet be his. How eager was he to meet Latour, to tell him the strong clue he had gained!

* * * * * * *

"Dodd," said Light, "fetch me a cab—hansom—quick."

Dodd was gone on the instant.

"Hum! that fellow suspects. What an ass I was to be sure!"

He slowly followed his clerk, waiting for the vehicle. The moment it came, he jumped in, and to the annoyance of Dodd, who was all ears to ascertain whither his master was going, whispered the direction to the driver through the flap in the roof. Cabby lashed his horse to a gallop, and departed with his fare.

TO BE CONTINUED.

JEM MACE AND BELL'S LIFE.

THE GIPSY PUG SUES FRANK DOWLING FOR THE RECOVERY OF £500.

BIG BELL DISCARDS THE EX-CHAMPION AND "WIPES HIM OUT."

HE IS NOT TO BE ALLOWED TO FIGHT FOR THE BELT.

"JEMS" IN A TICKLISH POSITION.

WHATEVER people in England may say or think about the late Mace and Coburn match, it is a patent fact that Sir Joseph has had all the best of it, for Master Jem has been in hot water ever since, and he will not find much better luck here, if he ever comes, unless he mends his manners. It is a mystery to us how in the face of his treatment of Harry Brunton and others, his exhibitions pay, but we can partly account for it, because of the other attractions offered in connection therewith. Here is the edict of Big *Bell*, of Dec. 17, and if this paper only keeps its word for six months, Jem Mace will find himself none the better off:

"A fortnight back we called attention to the fact that a demand had been made upon us by a solicitor, in the name of Jem Mace, for the stakes deposited in our hands by Harry Brunton for Jem's match with Joe Coburn. We then stated our belief that this proceeding did not emanate from Mace himself, but was the work of a set of hangers-on who for a long time had been making a tool of him for their own selfish purposes; and, in conclusion, strongly advised him to withdraw the letter, lest it should lead him into a scrape.

"We regret to state that the advice of his parasites has prevailed against ours, and that the letter has been followed up by the first steps in an action at law to recover the sum. That there is no ground for the demand every one acquainted with the facts knows as well as ourselves. The money was all staked in our hands by Harry Brunton, who distinctly stipulated that he was to have the re-distribution of it among those from whom he received it should there be no fight. He gave us a list of those gentlemen who found the money, and Mace also produced a list, tallying with Brunton's, thereby admitting that Brunton's was correct.

"After the farce was over, as every one now knows, the £500 was handed to Brunton at the express desire of those who had trusted him, and was by him returned to them minus certain necessary deductions. Those gentlemen have made no further demand either upon Brunton or ourselves, and deny all participation in Mace's present ill-advised proceedings. Upon what ground, therefore, his legal advisers have persuaded him to undertake this action we are at a loss to imagine. It is true that, when, the order for the money was handed to Brunton in Mace's presence, the latter was assailed by numerous persons who came to our office for the purpose of demanding their money back—money which they stated they had given to Mace himself towards the stakes. Jem did not deny that he had received this money, and it therefore occurs to us that he may now be taking this step so as to shift any responsibility off his own shoulders on to ours. This, however, will not avail him anything; and these gentlemen, no doubt, are as fully aware as ourselves of the real state of affairs, and will think twice before again entrusting him with money, under similar circumstances, without obtaining some guarantee as to its return.

"It is a pity that the *pont d'or* which we offered to Mace to help him out of his dilemma has been entirely rejected. We threw out the suggestion that he was ill-advised in threatening us with law proceedings, and that his hangers-on were alone to blame. Mace has now, however, publicly disclaimed any such supposition, and has published a letter taking the *onus* entirely on his own shoulders. Be it so; since he has chosen an unsportsmanlike course he must share the fate of all his predecessors in similar cases. *Henceforth, until we see fit, the columns of Bell's Life in London, either for match-making or advertising purposes, are closed against him; and as to his being permitted to fight again for the Champion's Belt, we can assure him he had better discard any such intention from his thoughts.* The committee of subscribers to that trophy are all on our side to support us against one who can so far transgress the rules of fair play, and so deliberately set at naught all the recognised regulations by which sports of this kind can be maintained on a proper basis."

THE *Sporting News*, though not quite so severe, does'nt let up on the man of Beeston, while his bosom-friend, the *Sporting Life*, passes it over, and may therefore be considered as agreeing with Mr. Mace. It is a very pretty quarrel, as it stands. Here's what the *News* has to say:

"We had thought and hoped that we had heard the last of this abortive match, but it appears that such is not to be the case, for legal proceedings have been commenced against the stakeholder, to recover the sum of £500, for having, as Mace alleges, wrongfully handed over that amount to Harry Brunton. Now, as Mace has no better well-wishers than ourselves, we think he has been wrongly advised by some few old friends who are ignorant of the merits of the case, nor do we think he will gain any good in so doing. It is not denied that the whole of the money staked for him for his match was done in Brunton's name, that a list of those standing money was sent to the stakeholder, both by Mace and Brunton, and with only a trifling difference of no consequence—they both tallied; that the stakeholder paid over the £500 to Brunton, and the latter has returned each gentleman his share, less a percentage for expenses, including the £100 agreed to be given to Coburn for coming over, so, although it may appear to legal minds that Mace can recover, we, in our commonsense view of the matter, cannot see how he can well do so. We would simply ask, "Do the friends of Mace want to recover money to pay over to gentlemen whom Brunton has already paid, and who, we are led to believe, are already satisfied?' If there be any which in the list of moneys received, it is a great pity that was not made right in the first instance. It is to be regretted that any estrangement between Mace and Brunton should have arisen. Who are the gentlemen who have stood money who Mace alleges cannot get it refunded? Was that money placed in the hands of the stakeholder? These are necessary questions which require a truthful answer. All the money was staked in Brunton's name, who received it back in return, and Brunton has satisfied all having claims upon him. There is no one we respect more, we repeat, than Mace, and would fairly, and as we have ever done, do all in our power to aid him; we regret that he has been a heavy loser in making the match with Coburn, and, no doubt, his eagerness to 'get on' led him to forego the proper precautions necessary to have brought off the fight satisfactorily. The bringing out all the details to be ransacked, commented upon, and "twisted and turned" by counsel in a court of law, to bring up names and good patrons in the witness box, will only tend to harm, and, be the issue what it may, can be of no good to Mace especially. We had hoped that, after making a match with the winner in the coming fight for the championship, according to his challenge, he would have reaped a good harvest in the "States," where we believe it is his intention to go, and the last had been heard of his affair with Coburn. This trial, if it does come before a jury, which we can scarcely believe will be the case, will in no way raise the falling fortunes of the Ring, but more likely assist to increase its downward tendency. Harry Brunton's good character and wish to do what is right, no one can call in question; for ourselves we believe he has done right. This 'trial' match bids fair to be even a greater mystery than the Mace and Coburn match. At any rate, it will be a more exciting one if it comes off. We would advise that the *venue* be changed to Ireland, say to "Goold's Cross."

ON COCKING.—*Editor New York Clipper:* Allow me to make a few remarks with regard to an article in your paper on "Cocking." In the first place I totally disagree with your mode of feeding—I beg to deny that it is correct, and I do not do so from slight knowledge of my own; I have raised game fowls, and fed for some of the largest mains in Ireland for over thirty years, and I never in my life—in my opinion—saw any rule laid down that erred so much from the correct mode. I also disagree with your mode of weighing in fowls; it is not correct, and too much complicated; it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to understand it. Your mode of breeding is very good, but I could enlighten you on that. If you think it worth notice, I will, for the good of many lovers of this sport, write you an article or chapter on raising, feeding and fighting game fowls. BALLENDERRY.

LONDON, Canada West.

[We shall be glad to hear from our Canadian correspondent on the subject. If the article he refers to is incorrect, as he states, we shall be happy to have the errors pointed out, and the necessary corrections made.—ED. CLIP.]

THE INTERNATIONAL CURLING MATCH.—In the forthcoming International Curling Match, to be played at Buffalo, metal blocks are to be allowed to play against metal, which is quite an accommodation. The following rule has also been adopted for the match: Each player may use tramps, back or foot-boards; but when a foot-board is used, the player must remove it immediately after delivering his stone.

ST. ANDREW'S QUOITING CLUB OF NEW YORK.—The members of the St Andrew's Quoiting Club of this city, held their annual meeting at the House of Lords on Wednesday evening, Dec 28th, when the following gentlemen were elected office bearers for the season of 1865:—President, James Gibson; Vice President, Henry Sharp; Secretary and Treasurer, David Lindsay.

DIED, on Saturday evening, December 24, 1864, at his residence in this city, ANDY FAY, the well-known boatman. His mortal remains were interred in Calvary Cemetery on Tuesday, December 27th.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1865.

To Correspondents.

VIRGINIA CITY, N. T. SUBSCRIBER.—By a late Post Office law, newspapers can be sent to *regular* subscribers in the territories without the postage being prepaid, but to those who are not regular subscribers, *letter postage* must be prepaid on all newspapers. A newspaper mailed to a regular subscriber, and only two cents paid on it, is not sent out of the office. This is the reason why we have not prepaid our papers to Virginia City the past two months. But one paper can be put in a single wrapper to the territories.

T. M. G. AND J.—"In a game of four handed euchre, one player takes up the trump, and goes alone; one of the opposite party goes alone against him. If the latter takes three tricks, how many point does he score?".....The latter player could not go alone—that privilege belongs to the player making the trump, or taking it up. In such case, therefore, if the party who took up the trump secures three tricks, he is entitled to one point only; if his opponent should secure three tricks, it is a euchre, and entitles the latter to two points.

E. W. H., Warren, Trumbull Co., O.—1. "Fistiana" contains a list of the fights in England from the earliest days of pugilism to the present day—it may be ordered through Wilmer & Rogers, Nassau and Liberty streets, N. Y. 2. Boxiana comprises a number of volumes, and has been out of print a number of years—a complete sett would cost enough to buy a small sized oil well. 3. That story is out of print.

SNEEZER, Philadelphia.—1. Helen was born in 1845. 2. She is married. 3. Played an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, C. E., soon after her arrival from England, and just before opening at the Broadway in this city. 4. Sophie Gimber performed at Grover's Theatre, Washington, previous to her appearance in Philadelphia.

J. L. H., Murfreesboro.—1. A juvenile man is a good position in the theatre. Mr. A. H. Davenport is a good juvenile actor. 2. A leading lady is one who performs the principal female characters in the piece, such as Pauline in "Lady of Lyons," Lady Teazle in "School for Scandal," etc. 3. A heavy lady is one that does the Lady Macbeths.

BURNELL AND PRESCOTT, St. Louis.—*If* you do not receive your CLIPPER until it is a week old, the fault lies altogether with the Post Office Department. We mail all of our subscribers papers on Tuesday noon of each week, and yours should reach you by Thursday night.

ACTRESS.—We should be happy to inform you of the lady's name if we knew it, but we have frequently asked the gentleman, and his answer was that application to him personally was the only way to get at it—a letter addressed to him in our care would no doubt obtain for you the desired information.

BOY, 74th, Army of the James.—"A bets B $200 to $100 on the age of Lincoln. B put up in C's hands $——— as forfeit. A not having the money to put up, C becomes responsible for A. A not coming forward at the stated time with the principle, claims forfeit. How much has lost as forfeit?".....$50.

A AND B.—"In throwing dice, one party bets that when the box is lifted, there will be nine spots up, the other party betting that there will not be. In lifting the box, eleven spots are shown. Who wins?".....The party betting on nine spots being shown, wins the bet.

ILLINOISTOWN, East St. Louis.—1. As there seems to have been a mutual misunderstanding as to the terms under which the dice were thrown, we advise that the bet be drawn. 2. As the terms were "the highest in three throws" A could not take a second throw to make three aces.

BILLY PATTERSON, 2d N. H. Vols.—The championship in the particular art you mention has not been properly decided, as there has been no set contests for that specific object. For the CLIPPER to attempt to decide the question, therefore, would be invidious.

BOX 221, Point Lookout, Md.—"Two men make a bet on the height of a pole before raising. The first man states that the pole is 110 feet high (which he knows). No. 2 offered to bet $10 that it was not 110 feet high. The first man's statement was right. Which won the money?".....The first man won.

IKE, New York.—We cannot undertake to decide between you. You should have chosen a referee to have decided all such differences. As the affair ended in a wrangle, and you had no referee, we don't see how the stakeholder could have adopted any other plan than to give each man his money.

H. M., 4th U. S., City.—1. The book is called "Fistiana." It merely gives the names of the pugs, the result of their fights, number of rounds, and time occupied; no particulars are given. The agents are Willmer & Co., Nassau and Liberty street. 2. We do not deal in books of any kind.

HARRY NEWHALL, New Haven.—Have sent you a couple of CLIPPERS; we know nothing about the paper you name, never having seen a copy of it, and not knowing, in fact, that there was such a journal in existence. For cards, etc., you can address any of our advertisers; we sell nothing but our own paper.

DICE.—"A and B have laid a wager—A turns the box over the dice—he then bets there are nine spots up; B accepts the bet; on lifting the box, eleven spots are up. Who wins, A or B?".....A wins.

A WOULD-BE ACTOR.—Books would be of little use to you to begin with. Your best plan is to go into some theatre as "utility" and work your way up. If you have got the stuff within you it will ooze out by degrees.

C. S. H., Philadelphia.—We have omitted much mention of the lady, owing to her husband finding fault with, what we considered at the time of writing it, a fair notice of her appearance in this city.

SIMMONDS, Cincinnati.—Mr. and Mrs. Clarance Holt have never, to the best of our recollection, appeared in this country. They have been confining their labors to Australia and New Zealand, and are now in England.

SUBSCRIBER, Manayunk.—The man who conformed to the rules, and was on the spot at the time and place appointed, ready to go on with the shooting, is entitled to the money in the hands of the stakeholder. This will also answer Thomas Standeven.

AMATEUR GYMNAST.—1. Messrs. R. W. Williams & Son, costumers, No. 420 Broome street, N. Y., will no doubt give you the information on application for a consideration. 2. We do not know the lady's present whereabouts.

J. S. S., 6th Mass. Vols., Va.—We regret that we have been unable to get at the figures for you. We keep no record of that kind. By writing to the Treasury Department in Washington you may possibly get the information you seek.

LUCIFER, Philadelphia.—Yours, intended for our last, did not reach us till Tuesday, owing, no doubt, to there being no distribution at the N. Y. P. O. after noon Not too long if it were not that we have to condense matter very much almost every issue.

BAGATELLE, Philadelphia.—There is no law governing such an occurrence, but we think that A should take the count for both cups, viz., white three and red eleven. He evidently "potted" both, and therefore, we think, was entitled to the count.

C. H., Philadelphia.—In ordinary raffling, three sixes beat three aces, but their are some games at dice where three aces beat three sixes; for instance, in the game called "Kossuth," three aces count nineteen.

SUBSCRIBER, Schenectady.—All such documents are advertisements, and should be properly authenticated by having the name and address of the writer attached thereto. You cannot expect us to father them.

H. A. F. H., South St. Hospital, Philadelphia.—Heenan never received the whole stakes of any fight—he was beaten by Morrissey, fought a draw with Sayers, and was defeated by King. Bets went accordingly.

TENTH AVENUE.—"A and B play a game of euchre with C and D; A goes his hand alone and makes four tricks, and C claims four for getting one trick. Who is right.".....C has no claim; A scores one point only.

J. S. W. AND E. M., Philadelphia.—J. S. W. is entitled to one point only, as we look at it, although some players insist on two points.

J. W. HAMILTON, Emory Hospital, Washington.—"Them clogs" were forwarded, pre-paid, per Harnden's Express on the 30th December.

C. E. J., Glendale, N. Y.—1. We do not answer correspondents by mail. 2. The value of your poem would depend on its merit and the state of the market as regards demand and supply.

E. G. L., Troy.—We know of no better plan for you to prepare yourself for the stage than to become a pupil of some experienced actor in the line you are disposed to adopt.

BILLIARDS.—In playing a carom game against a full, both parties are expected to make the same number of points, unless otherwise agreed on.

J. T. Y.—1. Mollie Williams and Felix A. Vincent are not married. 2 We cannot inform you when they will appear again at the New Bowery, probably not this season.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER, Portsmouth, Va.—No such book to be had in the American market. "Fistiana," published in London, is what you want.

C. G. A., Providence.—1. We never answer correspondents by letter. 2. "That Comical Brown" is giving entertainments in Massachusetts.

FANCHON, Baltimore.—The Webb Sisters intend performing at the Holliday Street Theatre, at about the close of the present season.

A. B., Cincinnati.—We are not advised of the future movements of the Warren Combination. See dramatic summary for present whereabouts.

GEO. W. LAWSON, Cazenovia.—Your subscription expired with No. 31 of the present volume.

CHATTA., Chattanooga, Tenn.—William Haywood left this city for California in company with Ossian E. Dodge, Feb. 3d, 1864. He was not there in the summer of 1863.

C. J. S., London, Eng.—Letter and *carte de visite* to hand—the picture we know to be most excellent, notwithstanding our "bad memory" in other matters. Many thanks.

F. W. F.—1. Miss Louisa Myers is not married. 2. She was formerly a member of the Marsh Troupe, and also of Castle Opera Troupe. 3. Cannot give her age.

NOVICE, Brooklyn.—"A, B, C, and D are playing euchre. A turns down the card; B makes the trump and goes alone; has C the right to play alone against him?" ... No.

HARRY ST. CLAIR.—A deposit would make the challenge more acceptable.

BRICKTOP.—"Does a man who bets on a *certainty* win the bet?".....If the "certainty" turns out to *be* a certainty, he wins.

J. F. C., 30th Mass.—A deposit should have accompanied the challenge, to ensure attention from the challenged party.

E. W. P., Boston.—Where all count alike for game, the point is taken by the elder hand, or beggar.

S. H. McG., Pittsburgh.—You have only to send along a deposit to ensure the acceptance of your offer.

A. V. B. S.—This correspondent wants to know who owns the fighting dog, Albany, or where he may be seen. Who knows?

W. J. D., Portsmouth, N. H.—Tom Sayers, ex-champion of England, has never been in the United States.

G. B., Pittsburgh.—It is a point which should be settled before commencing the game.

EDDY S.—They count but three.

PHILLIP, Pittsburgh.—"B bets that a natural in the dealer's hand, in Vingt-Un, is a stand off to any natural which any player may hold. W bets that he, holding a natural, turning it over and throwing it up, is entitled to be paid notwithstanding the dealer holds a natural himself. Who wins?".....B; it is a stand off, and the dealer retains the deal.

READER, Melvern, C. W.—Although very provoking, it must be regarded as a misdeal, and the cards dealt over again. The dealer must be careful to distribute each player's cards separately, and see that he takes them up.

CANADA.—In playing forty-fives, if clubs are trumps and the ace of hearts is lead, the other players must play a trump if they have one; or, in the event of having no trump, they must play a heart.

SID BENNETT, Alexandria, Va.—In cribbage, if A plays a ten, B a ten, C an eight, D an ace, A an ace, and it being a "go" all round, A another ace, he, A, is entitled to eight points for his last ace, viz., six for the pair-royal and two for thirty-one.

W. A. K., St. Paul, Minn.—Neither Lady Sutton nor Fanny Jenks ever trotted a twenty mile race. We do not answer correspondents by letter.

DOMINO, Syracuse.—In playing dominoes, the party drawing must cease after he has drawn a piece he can set, and may not draw as many as he pleases.

14TH STREET PARK.—We know nothing about the Great Pony of Albany, nor is there any record of the average stride of quarter race horses.

J. C., Harrisburg.—1 and 2. There is no authentic record of quarter race time. 3. The running mare Comet is yet living; her color was gray.

C. SHAY.—Money and ad. received, but the latter is a trifle *too* loud; it would do no good to have it appear as written. It might appear with some modification.

A. M. S., West Meriden.—There are so many "champion clog dancers" that we are at a loss to say who is *not* champion.

BASE BALL, Owego.—The "Fly Game" was adopted by a vote of 33 to 19.

WEST BROOKFIELD.—When A, the dealer, passed, he passed C out, and B was entitled to the stakes.

A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER, N. Y.—The one who has the beg, or the elder hand, is entitled to the point for game in case of a tie.

FRIEND, Camden, N. J.—You will find the information you seek in our advertising columns.

G. A. S., New York.—If you have a letter for Miss Fanny Herring, send it to her at the Old Bowery Theatre.

G. E., Cleveland, O.—You had better hold on to your ten dollars; we have no faith in those concerns.

W. H. S.—"Fistiana" is the only book containing that information—Izzy Lazarus, of 223 Centre street, can tell you.

F. H., Tarr Farm, Pa.—There are more houses in Philadelphia than in New York.

CONSTANT READER, Bridgeport.—A wins, according to our view of the matter. It is rather sharp practice, however.

D. M. T., Newark.—Surely, you don't think us so impolite as to give the *exact* age of a lady, do you?

H. W., Chicago.—A mere matter of opinion.

J. P. McK.—Will look it over.

THE NEW YEAR.

All hail the new year—*requiescat in pace*, as they say in Choctaw, to the old year. May the past—well, we were about to moralise, but the ground has been so completely gone over by the sober dailies, that we consider the interests of our readers will be better subserved by the omission of our proposed moral disquisition. It is sufficient to say—what everybody already knows, however—that the deceased year brought much suffering not unmixed with some blessings; that during the year the progress of our arms has been steadily onward; that the cause of the Union has gained strength, while the rebellion has been quietly weakened, etc. From the year we are just entering upon, much is expected; we anticipate the return of our "wayward sisters," and the consequent restoration of peace; we look for much "talk" from our neutral friends across the water, and over the borders; we may have a chance to be particularly sassy and dignified towards Johnny Bull and Johnny Crapeau; opportunities will not be wanting to contribute largely to the Internal Revenue, and have something left, probably, to loan Uncle Sam at 10 per cent. interest in currency. All of these things, and much more, will come to pass ere the new year shall have seen its allotted course of three hundred and sixty-five days, and the usual fractions.

So much for that. New Year's day in the metropolis is quite another matter. The celebration on Monday was not a bit behind any of its predecessors in interest—the day was bright and cheerful-looking, the streets were navigable, the houses comfortable, and the eating and drinking anything but commendable. A neutral stranger might have mistaken our callers for starved prisoners from Andersonville, they put away such loads of provender—we never saw people eat so voraciously even at free lunches, and those are the things to try a man's abilities; and how they did drink! Women and all. Good clothes were more abundant than ever—the dearer cloths and silks become the more they are worn. We propose to make some rhymeless remarks on men, women, manners and things in New York city on New Year's day!

Whilst Trinity's chimes rang out the knell, to bid the good old year farewell, the new-born year was ushered in; and when the hour of call drew nigh, the bach., awoke, and, with a sigh, sprang quickly from his cosy bed, and banged the ceiling with his head. His room's not large, nor would a king there feel inclined his court to bring. Tho' small it is, he can't afford to pay a greater price for board. A tumbler, soap-dish, basin, ewer, (the best things for a water-cure) a table, bed, and wooden chair, are all that's to be met with there. And yet not all, some pegs for clothes. He wakes to find the water froze, but, never mind, he opes the door and bellows loudly out for more; and when it comes—ah, me—alas! he finds that there's no looking-glass. His towel, too, is no ways clean, and some one, who is deuced mean, has stole away his pot of grease and hooked his soap—a splendid piece. But never mind, he dresses soon, and, gulping down his cup of tea or coffee hot—which e'er it be—he starts his due respects to pay and celebrate the "New Year's Day." Old gentlemen, whose days are few, go out to make a call or two; and youngsters, who are hardly grown, start forth to make their calls alone. The ladies, for a week or more, had shopped around in every store, and ordered cakes of plum and fruit in various quantities to suit. When this momentous day arrives (a happy one in women's lives) they throw their troubles to the wind, appearing lovely, sweet, and kind. The maiden, with her teeth of pearls, with straightened locks or Grecian curls, with rosy cheek and merry smile, with eyes that sparkle all the while, prepares by every means and art to captivate some young man's heart. The mother, in her silken robe—a fabric from the Eastern globe—surveys her darling daughter's dress, arranges then a loosened tress, spreads out the gown with skill and taste, and binds it closer in the waist. Old ladies, now, renew their youth, and, with a strict regard for truth, rub on the rouge, essay and strive to look but only twenty-five. The children, pretty little dears, ape those who are of riper years; while Bridget, in the realms below, with arms and hands, and face a glow, waits patiently for Mike or Pat to have a quiet bit of chat. When ten o'clock begins to toll, the carriages begin to roll, and persons hurry faster on to seize the minute ere its gone. Let's follow him, who's just ahead, and walking with a dainty tread. He seeks the house—he rings the bell—he wonders if he's looking well. He enters in the parlor door, and bows to two, or three, or more. The hostess bids him welcome there, and points unto a vacant chair. He's sorry, but he must refuse—a conversation then ensures. "How do you do? I'm glad to see that you have not forgotten me. Pray take a chair. How's sister Jane?" "Oh, really, I cannot remain—I've got a hundred calls to make." "Do take a little wine and cake." "Excuse me, do." "Don't hurry so." "I'm sorry, but I have to go." "Good by—be sure to visit soon." And so it goes from morn till noon, and then again till houses close, and all have sought their night's repose. Some people seek the polished ice, cut figures of a strange device or, in a chair propelled along, mix gladly with the merry throng—whilst others sport it on the road, with all their clothing *a la mode*, and whirling with a lightning speed enjoy the flavor of a weed. The soldier spends his New Year's day on picket-guard, in war, in camp, or on the long, long, weary tramp. Grant God, before another year has fallen in the old and sere, our nation way united be, and war give place to liberty. Readers, wherever you be, on land or sea, in Europe or America, we wish you one and all a "Happy New Year."

PHELAN, COLLENDER & PHELAN.—This firm, so widely and so favorably known in connection with the manufacture of billiard tables, has been added to: the old firm, Messrs. Michael Phelan and Hugh Collender, having taken into partnership with them Mr. George E. Phelan, the son of the former, on the 1st inst. We congratulate the Junior Partner on his promotion. He, no doubt, fully appreciates the magnitude of such a munificent New Year's Gift.

THE BUTCHER'S SOCIAL CLUB hold their third annual ball at the City Assembly Rooms on Wednesday evening, Jan. 4th. Tickets can be procured of any member of the club, or at the door on the evening of the ball. T. Jordan, President; J. Cotter, Secretary. 39-1t*

THE AMERICUS CLUB of this city are to have a ball to take place at the Academy of Music on the evening of Thursday, Jan. 5th. We gratefully acknowledge an invitation to be present.

CHICKEN FIGHTERS SURPRISED.—On the 26th of December, Superintendent Richards, assisted by some of the officers of the First precinct, made a raid on a party who were engaged in chicken fighting at Chrystal Spring. Fifty-six of the sporting gentlemen were captured, among them quite a number of the fast gentlemen of Washington.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

PUFF! PUFF! Lazily from the glowing bowl of our meerschaum drifted the fleecy clouds and the air was redolent with the fragrant odor of the weed. There is something soothing in tobacco. It calms the troubled brow, it fills the brain with pleasant thoughts, and drives blue devils far away. It has always been a custom of ours to see the new year in and the old year out. Ensconced in an easy chair, before the cheerful grate, we watched the play of lambent flames and listened to the loud crackling of the burning coal. Nothing broke the stillness of the room except the constant ticking of the time-keeper upon the mantle-piece. Half-past eleven o'clock on New Year's eve. Thirty minutes more and the year of Eighteen Hundred and Sixty Four would belong to the past. Puff! How pleasant it is to sit and think of the days gone by! The sunny hours of childhood—those islands of evergreen in the sea of thought—come back to us in all their truth and simplicity. No prayers, no lamentations, can make the young blood dance within our veins or render us once more a merry lad. A youth well spent will bring its own reward. The grey-haired man, who walks with head erect, has followed in early days the golden rule of "Early to bed and early to rise." Late hours are the forerunners of a feeble constitution and a speedy death. How many are taken from us suddenly! How many parents bewail their loss! The keeping of early hours is the true recipe for a robust old age. Puff! Puff! The years roll backward in their course. We see the school-house with its single chimney from which the smoke curls leisurely, and, through the half open door, we catch a glimpse of twenty boys, who, with slates in hand, are figuring the rule of three. The lessons of the day have just commenced. Without, the snow like softest velvet seems, and covers hill and dale, whilst every bush and every tree is robed in spotless white. Within, the frost work on the window-panes is melting gradually away. A little boy scarce five or six, with smiling face and rosy cheeks, comes toddling on and enters the school-house door. The teacher greets him with a loving kiss, and bids him warm his bluish fingers by the red-hot stove. The little fellow laughs, and hanging up his cap, unwinds the muffler from his neck. The pockets of his pantaloons swell out like saddle-bags. Who knows but that the apple on one side may not be counterbalanced by a ball on the other? Placing on the teacher's desk a pippin, blushing through its skin of green, he takes his seat, and though his eyes are fixed upon the pictured pages of his spelling-book, his thoughts are far away. He fancies that the school is over—he sees the snow-balls whizzing through the startled air—the boys are rushing to and fro, hiding behind the trees and fences—he throws his cap on high, and with a shout, jumps headlong into the bank before him. Childhood, innocent and joyous childhood, gone, never to return. Puff! puff! tick! tick! The room seemed filled with queenly forms and handsome faces. "Jenny with the light brown hair" was there. A pale-faced girl, whose winning ways endeared her unto all—what name, so lost to all that's good and noble, had dared to tamper with this needle woman? She never told his name. "She loved not wisely, but too well." Her parents drove her from the house, and bade her seek the author of her shame. A neighbor gave her shelter for the night, but, ere the sun had brought another day, a little babe lay sleeping on its mother's breast. The village-doctor sat with folded arms, and strove, but vainly, to suppress the tears that trickled down his manly cheeks. He loved the erring girl, had loved her for many, many years. Rather than have her become an outcast from the world, he had resolved, if God should spare her life, to offer her his heart and home. Poor Jenny roused herself, and, rising in the bed, pressed hasty kisses on the baby's lips, and sobbed as if her heart would break. The farmer's wife came rushing from below. The doctor took the youthful mother's hand, and placed the infant by her side. Then both together laid the weary head upon the downy pillow. One long, lingering look, one convulsive shudder, and all was over—May the Lord have mercy upon her! There were other forms and faces within the room. There were Susan and Mary and Bertha and Jane—all bright-eyed, merry damsels, with whom we were kind of taken, in the days gone by. There was mischievous Kate, who never seemed to be contented without she was engaged in playing tricks. How many letters have passed between us! She vowed eternal love and fidelity. One package within our writing-desk contains a lock of golden hair. It is Kate's hair, and yet she married—married whom?—a widower with six children, who happened to stop her runaway horse one summer's day, and she must needs fall in love with him. The last time we beheld her, she had children of her own. Could that woman whose neck was hid from view in an ocean of fat be the lively Kate of our boyhood. Yes, it was too true. Our playful kitten had been transformed into an elephant. Gone were her handsome features, gone was her merry laugh, and the words popped out of her mouth like a cork from a bottle of champagne. Puff! Puff! Tick! Tick! We thought of the mother who taught us how to fold our hands and kneel in fervent prayer. We thought of how we loved to sit and hear her tell the tales of fairy-land. Her voice fell sweetly on our ears, and when she smiled, her eyes were like the stars at night. When trouble drove us nearly wild, she took us kindly by the hand and whispered words of comfort. Here, on this New Year's eve, we longed for her fond caress, and missed her "good-night" kiss. The old-fashioned chair in which we sat was her's. Often of an evening have we seen her sit and warble like a nightingale. One day in autumn we started forth to battle with the world. She placed a Bible in our trunk, and bade us put our trust in Him who rules the universe. We thought of a grassy mound beneath a weeping willow. It is a quiet spot. Some twenty feet beyond, a little brook bounds gladly 'neath it, until it finds a rustic bridge and disappears amid a grove of trees. Flowers grow upon the grave, and the slab of marble bears the magic word of "mother." Often in the spring-time have we lingered here and thought how little, very little do we appreciate her loving words and loving kiss until the angel of death has set his seal upon her. Puff! Puff! Tick! Tick. The fire flickered in the grate and the bowl of our meerschaum was growing cold. Other turf clods fell, and the iron hammers took it up. Midnight! One! Two! In her garret, thinking o'er the good old times, the shivering seamstress sits and listens to the music of the chimes. Worn and sunken is her visage, but in God she places trust. Stitch! stitch! stitch! with weary fingers. She must stitch to earn a crust. Midnight! Three! Four! Din of pistols breaks the stillness of the night, and in dreams the mother sees her darling boy amid the fight—sees her only stay and comfort fall upon the battle plain, where the Stars and Stripes are waving, where the ground is strewed with slain. Midnight! Five! Six! Tin horns tooting rouse the "bach" from sweet repose, and he pulls the woollen night-cap down about his ears and nose. Louder, louder, nearer, nearer, and he feels inclined to swear, for the coarsely woven fabric lets in all that discord rare. Midnight! Seven! Shouts of laughter echo through the silent street, and the newsboy, in his attic, hears the rush of many feet; drowsy, weary, slumbering sweetly, little thinking of the cold, for in dreams his hard-earned pennies change to lumps of shining gold. Eight! Nine! Ten! The massive hammers strike the knell of "Sixty Four." Gone forever past recalling; gone, gone, gone forevermore. Now the maiden, old and withered, dreams of him whose love and truth stole her heart-store of affections in the heyday of her youth. Eleven! Twelve! 'Tis just the hour when, with shouts of joy and mirth, fairies dance in eddying circles round and round deserted earth. Midnight, and we hear the music pouring from each brazen throat. Peace and comfort is the burden of each soul-inspiring note. Midnight, and the rich man hears it in his cosy bed of down, but his handsome face is clouded with a deep and angry frown, for the bells, so sweetly singing, bring him from "the land of nod," where in dreaming of his riches he had alas! forgot his God. Midnight, and the poor man hears it in his lodgings near the sky, but no tear-drops, now suffusing, mar the lustre of his eye, for new hopes arise within him, and he bows his head in prayer. All his thoughts are turned towards Heaven as the music swells the air. Midnight! Hear the Elfin music of the bells that sweetly chime, sounding joyously a welcome to the new-born child of Time, ringing out an aged sire, ringing in a youthful son—one whose daily toil is over—one whose life has just begun. We puff no more. The fire was out and the bowl of our meerschaum was cold. We looked at the clock. It was just three minutes after twelve. Undressing with all haste, we popped into bed, but scarcely had our head touched the pillow when we heard amid the music of the chimes, these blessed words—"Good will to all—may love and peace bind man to man. A happy, happy, very happy, happy New Year unto all."

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

ANNETTI GALETTI.

This very popular French *danseuse* was born in France, and at a very early age evinced a strong desire to tread the stage. She was placed under the tutelage of the very best masters of Terpsichore, and so apt was she at the business, that in a short time she made her *debut*, and was favorably received. She first appeared at Milan in 1858, made a profound sensation, and received from the Arch Duke a very valuable present. After reigning mistress of the stage at La Scala a few months, she went to Paris, where the Emperor Napoleon paid her many compliments, and at the Palais Royal a magnificent *fete* was given her, at which Ristori, the great tragedienne of the age, was present, and where Gen. Canrobert made her a present of a very valuable diamond necklace. Petted by royalty, she evinced a desire to visit America, and experience republican gallantry. In 1859 she crossed the broad Atlantic, and made her *debut*, May 23d, at Niblo's Garden, New York, as Zoloe. Visited Philadelphia, and appeared at the Arch-street Theatre, Jan. 23d, of the same year, in conjunction with the Lucy Escott English Opera Troupe. She soon became a great favorite with the public, and managers from all quarters were anxious to secure her services. Early in 1861 she was engaged by Mr. Geo. Lea, the well-known music-hall manager, for the Melodeon, New York, where she remained several months, and created a great sensation by her graceful dancing. In fact, such a favorite was she, that Mr. Robert Butler secured her for a brief season, at a salary of $100 a week, to perform at Music Hall (Wallack's Old Theatre), then under his management. Since that time she has appeared in all the principal cities in this country, and everywhere has met with the most gratifying success. During the engagement of the Richings at Niblo's Garden, in this city, last season, she was engaged expressly to appear in one of her popular dances; she established herself as one of the most pleasing and artistic dancers on the American stage. Her figure is sylphlike, and even in her most difficult achievements there is an apparent absence of effort, which completes the fascination of her art. After one of her wonderful *tours de force*, she walks upon the stage with a step as easy and firm as if she were returning from a simple promenade. With an opera glass powerful enough to reveal the mesnes of the *tricot*, you fail to detect the palpitations of the heart. There is nothing in her manner to remind you of these long and laborious efforts—those painful practices at the bar by which the limbs are *rompus*, as they phrase it, which are among the behind-the-curtain mysteries, hidden from profane eyes. In some respects, Galetti excels any dancer, however celebrated, who has preceded her on the American boards. The hypercritical may say that she lacks the poetry of Elsler or Cubas, but for us there is enough of poetry in her attitudes and movements. Her *pas positus* are certainly unsurpassable. In her airy lightness that spurns the stage, it certainly seems as if she "only per complaisance touches the ground," as Moore said of another artist. Galetti is at present under contract with Mr. Geo. Lea, and is dancing at the Canterbury, Wash

THE RING.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUBLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 6 to 8 lbs.....$5 per pair
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Dumb Bells, from..... $3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, BOX 4810, Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention.

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Strangers should not leave town without calling at the White House. JOE COBURN & CAPTAIN SAUNDERS,
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HARRY JENNINGS,
32 Portland street, Boston.
Agents wanted. 28

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Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
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Refreshments at all hours.
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Are on hand to welcome all the Sporting Band,
First-class Swells or Lady Killers—
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All will here be treated right,
And welcome find both day and night.
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PUBLIC SPARRING every Saturday and Monday Evenings free, commencing at 8, P. M., under the superintendance of JOHNNY LAZARUS and BARRY, THE KID.
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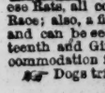

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☞ Dogs trimmed and treated for all diseases. 39-tf

HORRIBLE STABBING AFFRAY IN HOUSTON STREET.

HARRY LAZARUS, THE WELL-KNOWN PUGILIST, KILLED.

THIS city was thrown into a state of excitement early on the morning of Tuesday, the 3d inst., by a rumor that Harry Lazarus, the well-known and popular pugilist, had been fatally stabbed in his own bar-room, 12 Houston street, by his next door neighbor, and rival in business, Barney Friday, the partner of Rocky Moore, in the drinking saloon known as the "10-40 Loan," 14 East Houston street. On enquiry, the report unfortunately proved to be too true, and we found the circumstances to be substantially as follows: About four o'clock on the morning in question, Barney Friday (as he is generally termed, although his proper name is Barney Friary), drove up to the door of Harry Lazarus' saloon, in a double team sleigh, and along with some uptown friends entered the bar-room. Harry was in the bar at the time, and Friday, who was considerably in liquor, went up to him, and addressing him, said, "Harry, you and I have had a difference for some time; let us shake hands and be friends?" Harry at once replied, "Agreed," and held out his hand for the purpose, when Friday stabbed him in the neck with a knife, severing the carotid artery. Harry fell to the ground bleeding profusely, and Friday left the bar-room, and stepping into the sleigh awaiting him outside, drove rapidly away. Before medical aid could be procured for poor Harry, the vital spark was extinct. The alarm was given, and the police were speedily on the spot in large numbers. The body of the unfortunate victim was conveyed to the residence of his father, Izzy Lazarus, 223 Centre street, to await the coroner's inquest.

Harry Lazarus was the son of the well-known Izzy Lazarus, and at the time of his death he was twenty-six years of age, being born in Sheffield, England. He came to America in the year 1860. When a mere child he was distinguished by his extraordinary scientific abilities with the gloves, and in company with his father and brother Johnny, astonished the people of England and France before taking his departure from his native land. From the diminutive size of both Harry and Johnny, who invariably sparred together, their appearance was always hailed with applause, and their performance always gave the highest satisfaction. The late Yankee Sullivan pronounced them to be perfect wonders with the gloves, and treated them with the same kindness and affection as though they were his own children.

Harry's first appearance in the prize ring was with Denny Horrigan, on the 10th of June, 1857, at Point Abino, Canada, which he won in a gallant manner in 97 rounds, occupying 178min. Horrigan, not satisfied with his defeat, issued another challenge, and their second contest came off on the 10th of Oct., in the same year, near the old spot, when, after fighting 128 rounds in 200m., the last eight rounds by candlelight, the referee ordered a draw until the 13th of Oct. They accordingly met on that day, but Horrigan's party not being willing to agree on a referee, all hands returned to Buffalo—the stakeholder subsequently returned each man his money, thus leaving the fight as a draw.

With the exception of attending and assisting his brother professionals at sparring benefits, and teaching sparring for his father, Harry did not figure very conspicuously until the arrival of George Morion, in 1861, when he tried very hard to get on a match with the new arrival for $1000 a side, but George either couldn't raise the money, or didn't wish to have the match come off at all, as the challenge of Lazarus met with no response. The two subsequently met Jan. 8, 1861, and set-to together at Harry's benefit at the Art Union on Broadway, when one of the most exciting glove fights took place which it has ever been our lot to record.

On the 11th of February, 1863, Harry sailed from this city, in company with Bill Clarke, in the steamship Northern Light, for San Francisco, arriving there in March. In California, by his gentlemanly address and manners, he soon became popular among his new associates, and got along swimmingly until the Daley and McGrath fight, which ended in a shooting match, Harry and eight others getting wounded, and a Mexican named Muchacho being killed. This occurred on the 22d of September, 1863.

Lazarus returned from California on the 18th of Jan., 1864, and shortly afterwards started in business at No. 12 East Houston st., where he prospered as well as his best friends could wish, and earned the esteem and friendship of all classes of society up to the time of his death. He leaves a young wife and child to mourn his sudden and untimely loss, who, together with his mother, father, brothers and sister, have our heartfelt sympathy in this irreparable bereavement.

The funeral will take place on Thursday, 5th inst., at two o'clock, P. M., from the house of his father, Mr. Izzy Lazarus, No. 223 Centre street.

P. S.—Just as we go to press, we learn that the alleged murderer had been arrested by the Twelfth Ward police, and was to be conveyed to the Fourteenth Ward station-house. The most intense excitement is raging in and about Houston street, and the universal feeling is one of pity for the family and relatives of the deceased. It is asserted that the names of the other parties who were with Friday when the assault was committed, are Clarke and McDonald, but whether they too were caught we have been unable to learn.

PATSY MARLEY IN CALIFORNIA.

BILL CLARKE GETS HIM UP A ROUSING BENEFIT.

The redoubtable Patsy, after a long and wearisome passage of 125 days, arrived in San Francisco in November, pretty well cleaned out. According to Marley's story, as told the Californians, "he was doing a snug little business in New York at his sporting drum, and had no intention of leaving, but woke up one fine morning to find himself shanghaied on board a clipper ship bound for San Francisco." This is the tale the St. Helena chap tells; but we happen to know differently, and the Fourth warders will relish this joke of his being "shanghaied" hugely. However, he's there, and when he got there his "kick" was anything but "rybuck," on hearing which, Bill Clarke, with characteristic good nature, got him up a complimentary benefit at the American Theatre on Tuesday evening, Nov. 22, when, after the usual minstrel performance, there were pugilistic displays. The tariff charged was $1 a head, in gold, and the theatre was crowded at that, which was a mighty big thing for Patsy, and realised more for him than a dozen benefits in New York.

The sparring commenced with Farrell and Young Dwyer. The first named stood right foot foremost, and thought to "cut a dash," but the long reach of Dwyer prevented anything very telling being executed, and before he got through with him, Dwyer warmed him on the Irish snoot so good that he loosened the bung and caused the Burgundy to flow therefrom in limpid streams. Johnny Devine and McManus came next—Little Mac, who is quick and very expert with both hands, managing to give Devine a good many more blows than he had time to parry, owing to the latter's slowness. Young Dwyer then had another bout with a fellow called Young Dutch Sam, wherein Sam was an improvement on Farrell, as he not only managed to keep Dwyer's dukes away from his proboscis, but landed some hot runs on his opponent's dial, which considerably elated him; the Dutchman is said to be quite a promising youth.

Bill Clarke and Patsy Marley were then announced to close the entertainment, Marley returning his thanks to the audience, actors and boxers, and expressing his willingness to give the Shanghai Chicken (Johnny Devine), who had challenged him from the stage, "a twister" for a reasonable sum; he stated that he was ready to make the match as speedily as possible. After this oratorical effort, he shook hands with Clarke and commenced the bout which all had been waiting to see, and witnessing which but confirmed the impression so universally entertained of Clarke's ability as a boxer. After waiting a reasonable time to let Marley lead, if he wished, Clarke landed a whole left-handful of glove plump on Marley's nose; Marley tried to return the shot at long range, but Clarke parried his blow with such force that a little left-hand counter made Marley lose his balance and fall on his hands. Marley now became very cautious about allowing Clarke to get within distance, running across the stage to avoid threatening blows. Then he changed tactics—rushing in left and right to try and break Clarke's guard and get to close quarters, in which he succeeded once, but caught a fearful ringing blow on the jaw as he did so; the next and the next time he tried the game he was stopped by some straight left-handed blows described as "tooth loosenors." Marley then fell back on his old dodge of avoiding the blows, compelling Clarke to force the boxing, which he did in a masterly manner. All this time Clarke stood almost as unruffled as a May morning, watching for his man to come up, or going after him if he seemed backward. They retired amid great applause, the spectators entertaining a good opinion of Marley, for he had displayed some very good points in trying to out-manœuvre *"the best bezer that has ever put up his hands in California,"* as the *Spirit of the Times* of that city justly observes.

THE RING IN SAUCELITO.

UP AND DOWN MILL BETWEEN JIMMY O'FARRELL AND CHARLEY MOORE.

A party of some fifty of the "fancy" left San Francisco, Cal., on the 28th of Nov., about 2 o'clock, in plungers, from Meigg's wharf, and landed at Horse-Shoe Bend, Saucelito, to witness a set-to between Jimmy O'Farrell (late from Virginia, N. T.,) and Charles Moore, a sailor, of San Francisco. There was no ring pitched, and no stakes named—the parties being novices in the art of bruising, trying it on, by way of experiment, to see how much punishment they could stand, and if, in the future, they could not rival Sayers or Tom King in the fistic art. The fight commenced about 15 minutes past 3 o'clock. Patsey Marley handled O'Farrell, and Johnny Walker (who was defeated by Dwyer at Suscol Landing, near Napa City, about a year ago) did the friendly thing for Moore. There was considerable difference in the appearance and age of the combatants. Moore is about thirty-eight and peeled well, showing a compact figure and "cords" of muscle; O'Farrell is about twenty-four, at the outside, and displayed, when his garments were off, an unhealthy puffiness of flesh and a flaccidity of muscle which augured but ill for his success in the contest. He disappointed everybody, however, as the fight proceeded. Not that there was any pugilistic science displayed by either party, or any punishment, to speak of, inflicted; but, like a singed cat, O'Farrell proved to be better than he looked. The battle lasted one hour and ten minutes, during which time eighty-seven rounds were fought. Each round consisted of a clench, a few short body-blows ("fibbing," as the experts term it), and a throw—both men being on the ground together. O'Farrell had the best of it. He did manage to hit Moore with force enough to shut up his left eye at the close of the fifth round, and when the men went to grass, he generally fell on his antagonist. Being a heavy man, he bruised Moore severely. He threw him, in this way, as many as seventy times; occasionally, in striking wild, Moore would go to earth without the assistance of his opponent. The "under-man in the fight," not relishing so frequent and close an acquaintance with the herbage, no doubt gladly hailed the gathering shades of night, which put an end to the business. The close of the fight (drawn on account of night coming on) found O'Farrell without a scratch and slightly blown, and Moore with a very sore set of ribs, and his left optic impervious to the light—an insignificant amount of damage, bruisers think, after eighty-seven rounds. The spectators, although heartily tired of the exhibition by those fistic heroes, were generous enough to make up a purse for them, and, before they left the ground they divided the money, nearly $40, between them. There were no side-incidents worth recording.

JOHNNY KEATING TO JOHN MCCLUSKEY.—It appeareth that Keating has been "traduced and villified" by a demizen of South Brooklyn—McCluskey is his name—and the aforesaid Keating, in language both forcible and unmistakeable, demands satisfaction for these slanders. Let McCluskey take heed:

BROOKLYN, Dec. 28th.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER: Whereas, John McCluskey's blowing is getting to be a nuisance, I wish to have a word or two with that individual. Ever since my fight with Dick Hollywood, he has been continually talking of fight around his own neighborhood—Van Brunt and Sackett streets. First off, he made his boasts of being able to thrash Hollywood, and, no sooner had I left for Cincinnati than he commenced talking about me, and has'nt stopped yet, in the vain hope of getting for himself notoriety as a talking fighter, to draw custom to his store. Heretofore I have treated his braggadocio with silence, and my friends well know that I had made a resolve to engage in prize-fighting no more; but, to accommodate him, and see if he is a man of his word, understanding that he says he will fight me in a room in a week or two's notice, I break my resolution, and hereby state that I will take him at his word, and fight him for $300 or $400, in a room, in a fortnight's time, and he has only to call at Jim Dunn's on Wednesday, Jan. 4th, between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M., with his money, to get on the match he pretends to be so anxious for. I am heartily sorry now that my friends prevented a meeting when we were both at Phil Clare's, but hope that I shall not be disappointed this time. By giving the above insertion, you will oblige Yours, respectfully,
JOHN KEATING.

KEEPING UP CHRISTMAS IN KENTUCKY.—On Christmas Day in the morning, two sports in the government employ at Smithland, Ky., named Pete Kline, of Milwaukie, and Jim Downing, of New York, aged respectively 21, weighing ditto 142lbs, and in height ditto, 5ft 5½inches, having had a little misunderstanding, agreed to settle it by a game of fisticuffs, and accordingly went

Down the river, down the river,
Down the O-hi-o,

which they crossed without interruption, and proceeded to shed their clothing for a battle royal. Pete was seconded by Jack Hackett (not he of Rochester), and Charley Miller—Jim by Jim Morgan and Robert Stewart. The lads had it hot and heavy for 56 minutes, getting through with 34 rounds, when the New Yorker was thrown so heavily that he couldn't get around in time, and Milwaukie won the day.

SPARRING IN HOOSICK.—Mike Ford (who is to be matched with one of Phil. Clare's Kids), took a benefit at Nichol's Hall, Hoosick Corners, on New Year's Eve. The exhibition was opened by a couple of young kids, after which Charles Burtis, violinist, G. W. Spencer, banjoist, Corbin and Ford, with tamborine and bones, gave several songs. Then came John Cahill of Troy, and Fitzgerald, in an exciting set-to, after which Ford gave a jig and clog dance in fine style; Corbin and Young Walker, Grady of Troy, and Young Walton, then set-to, followed by the Ethiopian corps with more songs, etc. After which, more sparring by Young Leonard and Keenan, Young Walker and Fitz, Corbin and Shaw, Leonard and Lacy, all of which were well received. Young Grady then appeared on the stage, and offered to fight any 90lb man in the county for $100 a side. Spencer then gave the Happy Contraband, song and dance, which was received with great applause. Next came the wind-up between Mike Ford and Fred Corbett, and although Ford had height and reach to contend against, he performed in a manner highly satisfactory to his friends and backers. After the box, he issued a challenge to fight any man of 112lbs in Albany, Washington or Rennselaer counties, for from $100 to $500 a side.

WANTED TO HAVE THINGS QUIET.—A couple of horny-handed mechanics in Buffalo, having had a little trouble, went a little way out of town on the morning of the 27th ult., according to previous agreement the night before, and, in the coolest manner, stripped and went at it without seconds or anything else, but they had only belted each other for a few minutes, when a couple of hundred people collected around, and, owing to this publicity, they agreed to suspend operations for the time being, shook hands, and wended their way back to town, where, unfortunately, the "peelers" got wind of what had been going on, and arrested one of the parties.

TOMMY BURNS WINS TROJAN AGAIN.

THE raffle on New Year's Eve, at the White House, 113 Grand Street, for the trotting horse, Trojan, together with a fine sleigh, harness, robes, and everything complete, for which there were 100 chances at $10 a chance, making the snug little sum of $1000, was attended by a goodly number of sporters, both ancient and modern. It will be recollected that Trojan and the other fixings were originally owned by Mr. Jenkins, who raffled him off a few weeks ago, Tommy Burns being the happy successor to the ownership. Having no particular use for him, Burns sold out the concern to Joe Coburn, and the champion, after enjoying five days good sleighing in succession, thought he had had enough fun, and so determined to raffle horse, sleigh, etc., again, and although he had but four days or so to dispose of chances, the list was pretty well filled up by Saturday afternoon. After spending an hour or two at Ned Witson's, watching Messrs. Higgins, Holcomb, Deering, Tait, Block, Green, and a dozen or so more throwing "die" for turkeys, and leaving one of "those same" at the Holcomb Mansion to be dissected the day after New Years', we took a squint in at the White House. When the chances not taken had been raffled off under the supervision of Messrs. Jackson and McDermott, the feature of the evening, viz., throwing for the horse, was in order. Around the table were congregated Tom O'Donnell, Tommy Burns, Capt. Trundy, Charley Moore, George Cox, Ed Lowery, Holcomb, Harry McDermott, Jim Coburn, Jimmy Devine, Mike Coburn, and about forty more, with Harry Higgins to put down the figures in black and white. All the names were called out (and amongst them we noticed many of our leading politicians), and the absentees were thrown for either by a friend or else Coburn himself. The throwing had hardly got under way before Charley Moore threw 43, for which Joe offered him $100 on the jump, and Burns soon afterwards offered $200, but Moore thought it worth holding on to, and so it would have been had not Tommy Burns, on his own throw, chucked 44, when there were about twenty or so to go, beating Coburn at the same time out of $25, having bet that he would beat Joe's throw. This piece of luck so elated the old aquatic sport that he completely forgot his rheumatics as he sung out, "$500 to $100 that nobody beats 44," and called for "glasses round," and his joy was generally shared in by the others, for Tommy used to be considered in bad luck, and his friends feel jolly at the change thereof. To make a long story short, "all we know is that Burns won the horse," to quote from Tyler's Book of Proverbs. After the win, and he had been congratulated, up came the collation, consisting of turkeys, geese, ducks, and ham, while drinks were to be had without money and without price, and in this way the old year merged itself into the new. On the same day, Burns won a costly cloak for a friend, which is finishing up 1864 pretty good. Subsequently, Burns sold out his right, title and possession of the aforesaid Trojan, etc., to Captain Dave Trundy, who is now the owner of the whole establishment, which he had out on the 2d inst., making calls among his numerous acquaintances.

ELLIOTT ANSWERED BY HIS OLD ANTAGONIST.—Jim Dunn, who seldom or ever indulges in newspaper correspondence, sends in the annexed card as a reply to the Trenton letter of Jimmy Elliott, and refuting the assertions therein contained. This is what Dunn has to say:

BROOKLYN, Dec. 29, 1864.

FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* In your last CLIPPER I perceive there is a card purporting to have come from JAMES Elliott, in which it is stated first, that he was robbed out of his fight with me; second, that I never hit him during the 35 minutes that we fought; and third, that he couldn't get any one to fight him for eighteen months. It was not my wish to create any controversy, particularly now that he is unfortunate enough to be restrained of his liberty, but as he has wrongfully commenced the assault, in justice to myself and friends I feel called upon to reply. I will prove that he is wrong in all his statements, in a very few words. First, Elliott was not robbed out of the fight, but the referee awarded me the fight on his striking me a deliberate foul, in which the referee acted according to the rules of the P. P.; second, I had to do all the fighting in his own corner, and had to call on him in nearly every round to come and fight; if he did not get hit, what drew the blood from his mouth, what closed his eye, or what put the bunch of cherries on his ribs? Let him answer these questions if he can. Third, as to his not being able to get any body to fight him—when we met at Coburn's, and he said he wanted to fight, I offered to accommodate him for any sum he liked to name, in two months, or for fun, but he replied that he wouldn't fight under four months; I then told him that I had $50 in my pocket, and proposed that he should select one friend and I another, and we could decide the question of superiority there and then, and the best man could have the money, which he also refused to accept—this conversation occurred in the presence of his particular friend, Harris, and he knows my statement to be correct. I have now done with Elliott's letter, and trust the sporting public will excuse me for occupying their attention in this matter, but I couldn't allow such falsehoods to go unanswered, and now that both sides of the question have been heard, I have only to hope that Elliot will soon get pardoned, when I will give him a chance to retrieve his imaginary laurels.

Yours, etc.,
JAMES DUNN.

BIG JOHN WOODS IN TOWN.—The famous Eastern boxer who made George King lower his flag, and was at one time talked of as a match for Heenan, Aaron Jones, Tom Jennings and others, after a long absence in the army has returned from the wars, and was the lion of the city amongst the pubics all last week. He looks like a cast-iron man, and whether his mission is a peaceful one or not, will depend, as the saying goes. He is set down to set-to at a benefit on Thursday, and if in town, he will no doubt attend.

JACK TURNER UP FOR SUFFRAGE.—Musical Jack is to try his hand at a benefit on Thursday, the 5th inst., at the Stuyvesant, his first appeal, we believe, in this city, and it ought therefore to be well patronized. Turner is a whole-souled, clever young fellow—equally good at a dance, song, or solo on almost any musical instrument, and perfectly at home with the gloves. His recent off-hand mill with Billy Dwyer showed that he doesn't mind fighting a bit, although he confesses to a dislike to training. Jack will be assisted by most of the talent, and as John Woods is advertised to make his *debut*, many will go to see Woodsy. The final polish is between Jack Turner and Jim Kerrigan, when a ding-dong glove fight may be reasonably expected, as they both seem to like it. The usual tariff, 25 cents in gold, or its equivalent in currency, 50 cents. Get your tickets, and let us have a night of sociability, and thus make the first boxing night for 1865 a model for all the year round.

BILLY MULLIGAN IN COURT.—The valiant little Billy Mulligan was arraigned at the Police Court, San Francisco, Nov. 25th, on the charge of carrying a six-shooter, and convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of $20 in greenbacks. Billy assured the Court that he was not in the habit of carrying concealed weapons, and that he had this one about his person by accident. This is something rare for California, where, we presume, the authorities could have the same hold on almost every other man who walks the streets, if they felt so disposed, and we are inclined to think it was a put-up job for William—if so, we shall hear of it.

THE FOURTH WARD AROUND.—Jimmy Griffin is open to fight Tom Driscoll, at catch-weight, for $500 a side, in two weeks from the day the match is made, and he hopes for a speedy answer through the CLIPPER—or, the more to facilitate matters, by Driscoll calling at Dan Scully's, 265 William street, he can find man and money ready there at any time. That sounds like business. What has Driscoll to say?

JAMES HEENAN gave a very attractive entertainment in the Metropolitan Hall, Chicago, on the evening of Monday, Dec. 26th, before a most respectable audience. It consisted of gymnastic performances, interspersed with comic songs by Tom Riggs and the Allens. The "fancy" turned out well, but the sparring was inferior, with the exception of the touches displayed by Heenan, Perkins and Donovan. The audience were most enthusiastic, and the entertainment gave the greatest satisfaction to all who participated.

PATSEY MARLEY MATCHED WITH JOHNNY DEVINE.—The broad-shouldered, tight-built Patsey Marley was not long among the gamesters of California before he found a friend, "staunch and true," in the person of Bill Clarke, and, the night after his exhibition, Nov. 23d, we find that he had accepted Johnny Devine's challenge, and "coin" was put up for a match for $300, to come off in two weeks from the day the match was made. Devine has never figured in the ring, but, from his casual turns-up, his friends find "easy" as to the result. He is a boatman by profession, a little taller than Patsey, but the latter is considerably the heavier man. A good day's fun may be anticipated if Devine isn't too clever, as Marley will stay there "until all's blue," as the old women say. We hope nothing interferes with the affair coming off.

CURLEY THOMPSON SENTENCED TO BE SHOT.—John Thompson, familiarly known around Houston street as "Curly," who obtained some notoriety by his turns up with Zeke and Barney Friday, has been arrested as a deserter, and is now under sentence of death; and possibly before this reaches the eyes of our readers he has paid forfeit with his life.

NOT RIGHT.—Sam Scranton, teacher of sparring, has, we are informed, been imposing upon good nature among the people of Plattsburgh, N. Y., having left the town with several "borrowed" articles in his possession. Our correspondent asks, "Have you seen Sam?" In answer thereto we say we have not, nor heard from him for some months. Who has seen Sam?

THE FIST IN CALIFORNIA.—Jimmy O'Farrell, of Virginia City, and Charley Moore, of Chicago, fought for a purse of $200, gotten up by Bill Clarke, on the 28th of Nov., near San Francisco, which is described as one of the gamest fights that has occurred in those regions for many a day; both were severely punished. The lads fought 97 rounds in 1h. 55m., "when night's sable mantle" put an end to the scene; in other words, they "couldn't see it"—the spectators couldn't because of the darkness which prevailed. The money was divided. O'Farrell stands 5ft. 7¼in. and weighs 146 lbs. out of condition. Of Moore's dimensions we are not informed. About 300 spectators witnessed the fight, and among them were Bill Clarke, Bill Blackwood, Jim Farrell, Johnny Walker, O'Brien, Patsy Marley, Bob Penner, J. Mulkey, Young McMannus, and the veterans Joe Winroe and old Woolly Kearney.

YOUNG RYAN, who formerly kept the CLIPPER shades in Cincinnati, arrived in New York on the 29th ult., on a visit, and will shortly give an exhibition here. As the sports have always been well treated by Ryan whenever they happened to stop at Porkopolis, it is no more than right that his kindness should be reciprocated. He is a solid-looking, good-sized young fellow, and seems to be very civil and well-behaved.

BILLIARDS.

APPEAL TO THE BILLIARD PROFESSION.

UNDER this caption, we published very recently an appeal to the sympathy of Billiard players, on behalf of the widow and children of Mr. Joseph Waite, of this city, a deceased member of the profession. The appeal was re-published in the "Billiard Cue," and Mr. Michael Phelan took the necessary steps to carry it into practical operation by forwarding subscription lists to the leading billiard room proprietors in the United States. With a promptness that does them infinite honor, the members of the Billiard Congress of Pennsylvania decided to give a billiard exhibition, the entire proceeds to be devoted to the above charitable object. Subjoined we give the letter announcing this intention.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL, Phila., Dec. 22, 1864.

M. PHELAN, Esq.—DEAR SIR: The subscription lists to obtain funds for the relief of the widow and family of the late Joseph White have been duly received, and at the suggestion of Mr. Nelms, Estephe and myself, the members of the Pennsylvania Billiard Congress have decided to give a billiard exhibition in this city, on or about the 14th proximo, *the entire proceeds of which will be given* to the family of the lamented deceased. We thought it would be best to give such an entertainment in preference to raising funds by subscription, and feel confident that there will be no lack of patronage on the part of the lovers of the art in the Quaker City. Other cities, no doubt, will follow us in behalf of the object. Permit me also to remark that we cheerfully volunteer our aid, and suggest the holding of similar exhibitions throughout the Union.

Hoping this will meet, with your approbation, I remain yours truly,
R. T. NELMS.

P. S. Those who will participate in the exhibition for the relief of Mrs. White are Estephe, Nelms, Palmer, Hewes, Montgomery, Plunkett and Ryall. *Mr. Bird will not play.* Since writing the above, I have been informed that the Sansom street hall has been placed at our disposal for Saturday, Jan. 14th, afternoon and evening, *gratis.* R. T. R.

Mr. Michael Geary, of Washington, writing under date Dec. 30th, to Mr. Phelan, states his intention to head his subscription list with a donation of $50, and Mr. John Deery follows with $25. On Mr. Geary proposing to the latter that the entire receipts of his forthcoming matches with Melvin Foster of New York be given to the same object, he cheerfully assented to do so, as far as he, individually was concerned. "If Foster, Goldthwait, Kavanagh and Tieman," Geary observes, "do the same, a handsome fund could be raised to enable the widow to embark in some little business, and thus show to the world that billiard-players possess that greatest of the cardinal virtues—charity. He wishes his suggestion submitted to the players above mentioned, without delay, a committee appointed to carry out the project, and suggests that Mr. Phelan act as treasurer to the fund. Let us hear from the gentlemen thus especially appealed to.

BILLIARD MATCH.—A match at billiards, for $200 a side, was played on Saturday evening, Dec. 24th, at Bennington, Vt. The contestants were Bob Chrystal and Dan Comber, both of Hoosick Falls, N. Y. The game was 300 points up, and was won by Chrystal, who proved the victor by 30 points.

BILLIARD TOURNAMENT AT DUNDAS, C. W.—A handsome silver mounted cue, and two other cues of less value, were presented by Mr. Charles Moss, of that place, to be contended for in a tournament, the winner of the first to be considered champion. He was, however, to be the winner of three successive matches before the silver cue should become his private property, "to hold and to have," etc. Each participant in the tournament had to pay a fee of $1, under which conditions the following gentlemen entered: H. P. Neilson, W. Sandford, E. Ostler, A. S. Thornton, J. Burns, H. Muldon, W. Kingsbury and R. Farrell. Play opened on the evening of December 29th and resulted as follows:—First game—Sandford scored 300 to Neilson's 83. Second game—Ostler 300 to Thornton's 219. Third game—Neilson 300 to Thornton's 239. Fourth game—Muldon 300 to Farrell's 298. Fifth game—Kingsbury 300 to Burns' 272. Sixth game—Sandford 300 to Kingsbury's 258. Seventh game—Muldon 300 to Neilson's 239. Eighth game—Sandford 300 to Burns' 290. On the evening of the 30th, it was decided who would be the winners of the prizes, and the playing attracted many spectators. Play commenced between Messrs. Sandford and Muldon. The former won, scoring 300 to his opponent's 164; and in the second game Farrell beat Kingsbury by scoring 300 to 287. Sandford was therefore entitled to the first prize, Farrell to the second, and Kingsbury to the third. They were presented, accompanied by neat speeches, and the tournament resulted in a complete success and mutual gratification.

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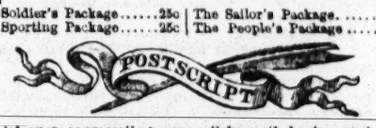

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY DARLEY.
Price 25 cents.

The author, in the preface, dedicates this work to his old comrades of the 1st New York Mounted Rifles and the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry; illustrating, as it does, many of the most exciting scenes through which both regiments passed in the campaign on the Blackwater and in the vic

THE MYSTERIOUS BILLIARD PLAYER;

OR,

"The Sign of the Cross."

The picture of the duel at daybreak, in the Bois de Boulogne, after the *bal masque* (in the "Corsican Brothers"), so startling in its effects, is no imaginary one. After that evening of gay hilarity of *la mi—careme*, the dramatic incidents of that event, on that bleak and miserable morning in the snow of the wood, are drawn from reality.

The dresses of the masqueraders are in strange contrast with the chilling dreariness of the scene, and the fatal termination of that encounter. The festivity of the ball room is still represented in the costume of the actors in the drama. Their trappings of garish and fantastical merriment are sadly out of place, and shock the mind, in being suddenly converted into the habiliments of death. The life blood oozing from the breast of the wounded man, reclining in the arms of his friend, is tinging the snow beneath. The successful swordsman is retiring from the scene, hurried away by his companion, who is casting a look backward on the prostrated victim, on whose face had settled the pallor of approaching dissolution. It is a picture not soon to be forgotten.

Paul Raynal, after leaving the ground—the victor in that duel—immediately left France. "On the earth and on the sea he was a wanderer," striving to banish from his memory that fatal morning.

Years had gone by, and Paul Raynal was in Coblentz.

Paul was intimately acquainted with the ways of the world, and the usages of society. He had pleasing manners, a well-set figure, dark hair, expressive eyes, and regular features. He was not in the frame of mind to relish the dullness of Coblentz, but endured it for the sake of the repose his nervous system required. He was still feverish—still longing for the stimulants that had left behind them an imperishable recollection of their intoxicating power.

He sauntered through the streets, explored the most obscure corners, and made observation of all that was passing in places of public resort. He saw little to interest him.

He abandoned his hotel and sought the seclusion of lodgings more to his taste. It was all the same—the monotony was undisturbed. Some benefit derived from the mineral waters in the town induced him to prolong his stay. He did not visit the gaming tables, because no high play was to be expected. Nothing else could satisfy the cravings of his mind. He determined soon to visit Baden Baden.

* * * * * *

As he sat in his room one day until a later hour than usual, reading letters and newspaper journals brought by the last mail, he heard the tones of music accompanying a voice of extraodinary melody. He was familiar with the power and execution of artists of rare excellence; but the voice of this singer exceeded all, save one, he had ever heard, in the pure richness of contralto and sweetness of expression. The sound came from an adjoining dwelling.

He eagerly sought for and obtained an interview with the accomplished vocalist. His expectations were realized. The vocalist was Theresa de Castro, from whom he had abruptly parted on the night of the ball, and had scarcely hoped to meet again. It was to him a joyful surprise. Only once before the eventful night he had last seen her, had he heard her sing in the crowded saloon of one of his most esteemed friends—a banker in Paris. He had cherished from that moment an ardent admiration for her beauty and accomplishments. Paul Raynal, from the moment of this happy rencontre, sought every opportunity to win the regard of Theresa de Castro.

He spent many hours in her society and that of her mother. He had known no such happy moments since he had lost his own mother in early youth. Ceremonies and sentiments connected with early religious training were brought again to his mind. If they did not obtain the consideration they formerly received, they at least were esteemed as worthy of regard. They placed Theresh de Castro in that atmosphere of light which made her beauty the more transparent.

It was the church music and vesper chants that most influenced him with a strong and irresistible power. Theresa sang in the ancient choir of the Church of St. Castor. Here it was that Paul drank in the melody of her voice, and found his nature softened by the holy and religious influence of the place.

Accomplished and wealthy, he had run a career of folly. He had been free from an early age to pursue the bent of his inclinations. Surrounded by gay companions, excelling in all manly exercises, thinking of little beyond the excitement of the hour, he had led the life of a dissipated man of the world.

But, in this pause of his career, there were whisperings of a better life and a better order of things. From whence did they come? From his guardian angel, perhaps, wooed back to the life of serene repose he was now leading.

The powers of love, music and religion were exercising an influence over his soul, not originally disposed to evil, but led astray through a heedless determination to act as the humor seized him, without regard to any restraint, save what the conventional rules of society taught him to respect.

* * * * * *

One day when Theresa and her mother had gone on a visit to Ehrenbreitstein in the settlement of some family affairs, Paul found himself alone and in some way unaccountably depressed. Unpleasant dreams disturbed him the previous night. Strange shapes had arisen and confronted him. He was engaged with them in contests, wherein his personal safety was in jeopardy. He would have perished, as their victim; but Theresa, in the likeness of a seraph, interposed, and he was saved. He awoke, after a night of fevered and fitful slumber, to welcome the morning air and sunshine.

A weight, however, still hung over his spirits. He resolved to remove it, if possible, by active out-door exercise. He walked into the open country beyond the suburbs of the town. He dined at a wayside inn, and towards evening set out on his return to the city. It was nightfall when he reached the outskirts of the town.

It began to rain very heavily. Paul sought for shelter under a large tree. He was there but a moment, when he discovered just behind him, by the roadside, a comfortable-looking house with a piazza, having a projecting roof admirably adapted to protect him from the storm. He immediately ascended the few steps leading to the friendly shelter, and had scarcely time to look around him, when the door of the house opened, and an old gentleman with a friendly smile invited him to enter.

Paul readily accepted the invitation. He found the house well lit up and furnished very sumptuously. His host was apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, with high forehead, heavy features, and piercing bright eyes. He was dressed in black, and preceded Paul, and ushered him into a large parlor. The ceiling was frescoed and the side walls adorned with pictures by the best masters. Wealth was apparent, and, with taste in graceful combination, pervaded the entire mansion.

The old gentleman courteously asked Paul to be seated, expressing a hope at the same time that he was not wet from the rain.

Paul so assured him. The old gentleman remarked that he had not at first observed a change in the weather, as he had been shut up by himself all alone in the house, amusing himself at his billiard-table. He had heard a peal of thunder, and had gone to the door to judge of the extent of the storm. He had then the pleasure of discovering Paul. His servants had gone out, but he supposed they would soon return, and if there was anything Paul needed he was sure they would supply it.

Paul thanked him for his kindness, stating he was not in need of anything. But if there was a billiard-table at hand, he would be happy to while away the time by the exchange of a few shots.

The old gentleman replied that he would be but too happy to engage in a game with Paul—as a mere foil to his play, however, for he felt certain that Paul could play well. He was, unfortunately, himself a very poor and indifferent player.

He then led Paul into an adjoining room, where the lights burned brilliantly, and where stood, in the centre of the room, a full-sized billiard-table.

Paul tried the run of the balls, and found the table smooth and the cushions true and elastic. The choice of the game was left to Paul, who at first begged that his host should please himself in that respect. He was finally prevailed on to make a choice, as the old gentleman persisted in saying that all games were alike to him—that he was clever at none. As Paul had become acquainted with the four-ball carom and hazard game, he said, if his host had no objection, he would select that game with the side pockets closed, to consist of a hundred points.

The old gentleman said he would be delighted with the arrangement. Before commencing to play, Paul took a survey of the room.

Over the mantelpiece was a half-length portrait of the old gentleman himself, with eyes piercing as his own, seeming to watch Paul whichever way he turned with a steady gaze.

The game commenced. Paul was much amused at the old gentleman's awkward attempts to make a count. He had spoken truly—he was indeed a poor player. Paul was led to wonder, however, at his success in chance shots, technically called scratches. Paul was at one time so astonished, that he cried out with great frankness, "I declare, sir, your scratches would beat the devil."

Nothing could exceed the good humor with which the old gentleman received this remark. He seemed to look upon it as one of the best of jokes. He laughed very heartily, and said he would be satisfied if he could only beat Paul. Paul won the game, however, with the greatest ease.

In arranging and placing the balls for a second game, the old gentleman remarked that he never played half as well as he could play unless he had some object fixed in his mind to play for, if it were ever so trifling. He would not like to stake anything against Paul's game, but to make it amusing each player might fix in his mind an imaginary stake, to be announced by the successful party when the game was over, just for the joke of the thing. To honor the fancy of this eccentric old gentleman, who by this time had got to be something of a study to Paul, he at once assented to his proposal, provided the imaginary stake, if it were money, did not exceed a franc. He would be willing to wager the Moselle against the Rhine, as involving no other consideration, but a blind wager might possibly induce some question of honorable forfeit.

The old gentleman very readily acceded to the suggestion, saying he had no idea of money in connection with the game, as that would be gambling. To gaming, of whatever kind, he was altogether opposed on principle. In fact, the stake he thought of was the most *immaterial* thing in the world, as an only and *sole* forfeit.

Paul fancied in some way that the portrait, the counterpart of the old gentleman over the mantelpiece, actually grinned as he made this last remark.

The balls having been placed for the second game, the old gentleman won the lead. He placed his ball in position by propelling it from the head of the table.

Paul then began to play, and dexterously made the shot, although his adversary's ball had fallen in an out of the way place. His good luck served, however, and he made a successful beginning. Paul excelled, as we have before intimated, in all manly exercises, and was, in fact, one of the ablest amateur billiard players in Europe. In the game he now played, he scored steadily. There appeared to be magic in his cue and in the balls. His playing astonished himself. As his success went on, he could not but observe that the quiet smile which had played round the old gentleman's mouth, had given place to a malignant grin.

Paul became oppressed with a consciousness of responsibility about the game he had not felt at the commencement. It seemed, too, as if some friendly spirit were admonishing him to be careful, and was putting him on his guard against some subtle contrivance of an enemy.

The old gentleman remarked: "You are playing better than in the first game. I hope the imaginary stake does not frighten you?"

There seemed to be so much irony and ill-concealed vindictiveness in the question, that Paul felt convinced it was a matter of great importance he should run the game out. He redoubled his exertions, and strained every nerve. He had frequently made the game at a single count on other occasions, and he felt it seriously concerned him to do so now. As he neared the probable end of his game, he played with great caution. He had made on the run ninety-one, and scored in addition a carom of two, and one of five. In making this five shot his ball froze fast to the last it encountered. Another carom or hazard was an impossibility. His game ended at ninety-eight.

At the mishap which prevented Paul from winning the game, the old gentleman grinned, and remarked, "Ah! you have left me but a slight chance. What a pity it is you did not run the game out, as you intended, before I could score one point; it would have been such a good joke." And the old fellow chuckled and grinned in great humor.

He then began his play. Paul saw he was no longer a blunderer or a novice, but a perfect master of the game. There was nothing he could not do and did not do. He seemed to delight in shots Paul considered impossible. He executed them with ease. If the balls fell in such a position as not to allow a chance for a clear follow, he jumped his ball from the top of one to the other. He would draw his ball back from another lying at a remote end of the table, and then make a carom, if for no other purpose than to show he could make a shot in any and every way he pleased, with perfect success. If he banked from the cushions, it was all the same; he successfully made either carom or hazard.

Paul looked on bewildered. He saw that his adversary in his previous game had but intended to outwit him. He felt the dread of impending evil. His heart sank within him. A cold sweat pervaded his frame as he saw the deadly precision with which the old gentleman made whatever count he intended to make, time after time, by no chance play.

"There are but thirteen wanting of game," said the old gentleman. "If I make the thirteen in one shot, it will neatly finish the business; for the game and stake will then be mine, will they not, Mr. Paul Rynal?"

Paul had not previously made mention of his name, and now he heard it distinctly announced by this mysterious personage. A mist gathered before his eyes. But still he could see that the portrait over the mantelpiece had vanished, and in its stead was the picture of the duel in the Bois de Boulogne. Paul recognized every feature of the actors in the scene in the exact position they occupied after the fall of his antagonist.

As the player was about to propel his ball for the last shot, Paul felt he was lost unless some heavenly influence interposed to save him. An inspiration came.

Seizing the chalk, he made the sign of the cross on the table, exclaiming, as he did so, "The cross between me and harm."

The propelled ball passed swiftly on, caroming on and pocketing all the balls, making a thirteen stroke, completely and successfully. Immediately after it had caromed on and pocketed the last ball, it was propelled forward, as if some new force had stricken it. Gliding on, it careened towards and fell over into one of the end pockets—thus giving the game to Paul.

* * * * * *

A flash of lightning, a clap of thunder, and a violent prostration, so as to render Paul insensible, were the immediate accompaniments of the result described.

On recovering his consciousness, Paul found himself lying on the floor of a decayed and deserted house. It had the appearance of having been years without inhabitant or furniture. The sun was shining in at a broken and open window, seeming to dispel, by its cheerful rays, all evil influences.

Paul, sincerely congratulating himself on escaping the snare intended for his destruction, hastened homeward, thanking heaven for its goodness.

In a marriage with Theresa de Castro, soon afterwards, he cultivated the better influences which unite man with the spiritual world, and never forgetting, during the vicissitudes of a long life, the power and efficacy of the Sign of the Cross.

BALL PLAY.

Rules and Regulations of the Game of Base Ball,

AS AMENDED DEC. 14, 1864.

As is our usual custom when the rules of the game are amended, we give below the rules as they now read.

SEC. 1. The ball must weigh not less than five-and-one-half, nor more than five-and-three-fourth ounces avoirdupois. It must measure not less than nine-and-one-half nor more than nine-and-three-fourth inches in circumference. It must be composed of India Rubber and yarn, and covered with leather, and in all match games shall be furnished by the challenging club, and become the property of the winning club, as a trophy of victory.

SEC. 2. The bat must be round, and must not exceed two-and-a-half inches in diameter in the thickest part. It must be made of wood, and may be of any length to suit the striker.

SEC. 3. The bases must be four in number, placed at equal distances from each other, and securely fastened upon the four corners of a square, whose sides are respectively thirty yards. They must be so constructed as to be distinctly seen by the umpire, and must cover a space equal to one square foot of surface. The first, second and third bases shall be canvas bags, painted white, and filled with sand or sawdust; the home base and pitcher's point to be each marked by a flat circular iron plate, painted or enamelled white.

SEC. 4. The base from which the ball is struck shall be designated the Home Base, and must be directly opposite to the second base; the first base must always be that upon the right hand, and the third base that upon the left-hand side of the striker, when occupying his position at the Home Base. And in all match games, a line connecting the home and first base and the home and third base, shall be marked by the use of chalk, or other suitable material, so as to be distinctly seen by the umpire.

[Many of our clubs have an iron quoit for the home base that is in direct violation of the rule, which states that the home base must be marked by "a flat circular iron plate." Those we allude to rise in the centre, and the consequence is, when a ball touches the base, it flies off at a tangent, instead of rebounding as if it had touched the ground, as it would do were it flat, as the rules prescribed.

SEC. 5. The pitcher's position shall be designated by two lines, four yards in length, drawn at right angles to a line from home to second base, having their centres upon that line at two fixed iron plates, placed at points fifteen and sixteen yards distant from the home base. The pitcher must stand *within* the lines, and must deliver the ball as nearly as possible over the centre of the home base, and for the striker.

[This important change was made by the Convention of 1863, the object being to do away with the unfair style of pitching that was in vogue during 1860, 2, and 3, during which period those pitchers who failed in achieving the success attained by the lamented Creighton, offset their want of skill by trying to intimidate the batsmen by pitching the ball at them, instead of for them, as the rules require.]

SEC. 6. Should a pitcher repeatedly fail to deliver to the striker fair balls, for the apparent purpose of delaying the game, or for any cause, the umpire, after warning him, shall call one ball, and if the pitcher persists in such actions, two and three balls; when three balls have been called, the striker shall *take* the first base, and, should any base be occupied at that time, each player occupying it or them, shall *take* one base without being put out.

[It will be seen that the rule requires the ball to be pitched, as near as possible, over the home base, and for the striker; the pitcher, therefore, has no right to pitch the ball to the catcher especially, as is often done when a player is on the first base, and umpires should see that the rule is enforced.]

SEC. 7. The ball must be pitched, not jerked or thrown to the bat; and whenever the pitcher moves with the apparent purpose or pretension to deliver the ball, he shall so deliver it, and must have neither foot in advance of the front line or off the ground at the time of delivering the ball; and if he fails in either of these particulars, then it shall be declared a baulk.

SEC. 8. When a baulk is made by the pitcher, every player running the bases is entitled to one base without being put out.

[According to Section 7, the pitcher makes a baulk when he either jerks a ball to the bat, has either foot in advance of the line of his position, or off the ground at the time of delivering the ball, or moves with the apparent purpose of pitching, without delivering the ball.]

SEC. 8. When a balk is made by the pitcher, every player running the bases shall *take* one base, without being put out.

[The striker cannot take a base, on a baulk, as he is not considered a "player running the bases" until he has made the first base and ceased to be the striker.]

SEC. 9. If the ball from a stroke of the bat first touches the ground, the person of a player, or any other object behind the range of home and the first base, or home and the third base, it shall be termed foul, and must be so declared by the umpire, unasked. If the ball first touches the ground, either upon or in front of the range of those bases, it shall be considered fair. (The bound-catch, in this instance—the ball striking the ground back of the home-base—is considered in the light of a foul ball, as far as the fly-game is concerned.)

[Nothing is mentioned in Section 9, in reference to any ball that is caught, either on the fly or first bound, after touching the side of a building, a fence or a tree. In such cases a special rule is requisite before beginning a match.]

SEC. 10. A player making the home-base shall be entitled to score one run.

SEC. 11. If three balls are struck at and missed, and the last one is not caught, either flying or upon the first bound, it shall be considered fair, and the striker must attempt to make his run.

SEC. 12. The striker is out if a foul ball is caught, either before touching the ground, or upon the first bound.

SEC. 13. Or, if three balls are struck at and missed, and the last is caught, either before touching the ground, or upon the first bound;

SEC. 14. Or, if a fair ball is struck, and the ball is caught without having touched the ground.

SEC. 15. Or, if a fair ball is struck, and the ball is held by an adversary on first base, before the striker touches that base.

SEC. 16. Any player running the bases is out if at any time he is touched by the ball while in play in the hands of an adversary, without some part of his person being on the base.

SEC. 17. No ace or base can be made upon a foul ball; such a ball shall be considered dead, and not in play until it shall first have been settled in the hands of the pitcher. In such cases players running bases shall return to them, and may be put out in so returning in the same manner as the striker when running to the first base.

SEC. 18. No ace nor base can be made when a fair ball has been caught without having touched the ground; such a ball shall be considered alive and in play. In such cases players running bases shall return to them, and may be put out in so returning, in the same manner as the striker when running to first base; but players, when balls are so caught, may run their bases immediately after the ball has been settled in the hands of the player catching it.

[It will be seen by the above two Sections that a player running a base on a foul ball must return to the base he has left and remain on it until the ball has been fairly settled in the hands of the pitcher. But in case of fly catches, a player running a base is only required to return and touch the base, after which he can leave it at once and try and make the next base. He must, however, touch the base after the ball has been caught.]

SEC. 19. The striker must stand on a line drawn through the centre of the home base, not exceeding in length three feet from either side thereof, and parallel with the line occupied by the pitcher. He shall be considered the striker until he has made the first base. Players must strike in regular rotation, and, after the first innings is played, the turn commences with the player who stands on the list next to the one who lost the third hand.

[The line referred to in the above rule, is one parallel to a line extending from the first to the third base. The striker should keep one foot on this line; as, if he stands back of the base, a ball striking the ground perpendicularly from his bat, will be considered a fair ball—if the umpire strictly enforces the rule—though it actually strikes the ground behind the home base. If this rule be not strictly enforced, many a ball that ought to be a fair one will be declared foul.]

SEC. 20. Players must make their bases in the order of striking; and when a fair ball is struck and not caught flying, the first base must be vacated, as also the second and third bases, if they are occupied at the same time. Players may be put out upon any base, under these circumstances, in the same manner as the striker when running to the first base.

SEC. 21. Players running bases must touch them; and as far as possible, keep upon the direct line between them; and must touch them in the following order: first, second, third and home; and if returning, must reverse this order; and should any player run three feet out of this line for the purpose of avoiding the ball in the hands of an adversary, he shall be declared out.

[According to the above rule, every player failing to touch his base must be declared out at once by the umpire, if an appeal be made.]

SEC. 22. Any player who shall intentionally prevent an adversary from catching or fielding the ball, shall be declared out.

SEC. 23. If the player is prevented from making a base by the intentional obstruction of an adversary, he shall be entitled to that base, and not be put out.

[These two latter sections are, of course, intended solely for any wilful or unnecessary obstruction. It is impossible that a player while in the act of fielding a swiftly-sent ball can always be on the lookout as to where his adversary is running; or that a player running the bases can always be equally careful in regard to his preventing an adversary from getting to his base.]

SEC. 24. If an adversary stops the ball with his hat or cap, or if a ball be stopped by any person not engaged in the game, or *if it be taken from the hands of any one not engaged in the game*, no player can be put out unless the ball shall first have been settled in the hands of the pitcher.

SEC. 25. If a ball from the stroke of the bat is held under any other circumstances than as enumerated in section 24, and without having touched the ground, the striker is out.

SEC. 26. If two hands are already out, no player running home at the time the ball is struck, can make a run to count in the score of the game if the striker is put out.

SEC. 27. An innings must be concluded at the time the third hand is put out.

SEC. 28. The game shall consist of nine innings to each side, when, should the number of runs be equal, the play shall be continued until a majority of runs upon an equal number of innings shall be declared, which shall conclude the game.

SEC. 29. In playing all matches, nine players from each club shall constitute a full field, and they must have been regular members of the club which they represent, and of no other club, *either in or out of the National Association*, for thirty days prior to the match. No change or substitution shall be made after the game has been commenced, unless for reason of illness or injury. Position of players and choice of innings shall be determined by captains, previously appointed for that purpose by the respective clubs.

[This rule of course excludes players belonging to Junior clubs from taking part in Senior club matches, and likewise excludes players belonging to any base ball club or town ball club; but not cricket clubs, as cricket is a distinct game of ball.]

SEC. 30. The umpire shall take care that the regulations respecting the ball, bats, bases, and the pitcher's and striker's position are strictly observed. He shall be the judge of fair and unfair play, and shall determine all disputes and differences which may occur during the game; he shall take special care to declare all foul balls and baulks immediately upon their occurrence, unasked, and in a distinct and audible manner. He shall, in every instance, before leaving the ground, declare the winning club, and shall record his decision in the books of the scorers.

SEC. 31. In all matches the umpire shall be selected by the captains of the respective sides, and shall perform all the duties enumerated in Section 30, except recording the game, which shall be done by two scorers, one of whom shall be appointed by each of the contending clubs.

SEC. 32. No person engaged in a match, either as umpire, scorer, or player, shall be either directly or indirectly interested in any bet upon the game. Neither umpire, scorer, nor player shall be changed during a match, unless with the consent of both parties (except for a violation of this law), except as provided in Section 29, and then the umpire may dismiss any transgressors.

SEC. 33. The umpire in any match shall determine when play shall be suspended; and if the game cannot be concluded, it shall be decided by the last even innings, provided five innings have been played, and the party having the greatest number of runs shall be declared the winner.

SEC. 34. Clubs may adopt such rules respecting balls knocked beyond or outside of the bounds of the field as the circumstances of the ground may demand; and these rules shall govern all matches played upon the ground, provided that they are distinctly made known to every player and umpire previous to the commencement of the game.

SEC. 35. No person shall be permitted to approach or to speak with the umpire, scorers, or players, or in any manner to interrupt or interfere during the progress of the game, unless by special request of the umpire.

SEC. 36. No person shall be permitted to act as umpire or scorer in any match, unless he shall be a member of a Base Ball Club governed by these rules.

SEC. 37. Whenever a match shall have been determined upon between two clubs, play shall be called at the exact hour appointed; and should either party fail to produce their players within fifteen minutes thereafter, the party so failing shall admit a defeat.

SEC. 38. No person who shall be in arrears to any other club, or who shall at any time receive compensation for his services as player, shall be competent to play in any match.

SEC. 39. Should a striker stand at the bat without striking at good balls repeatedly pitched to him, for the apparent purpose of delaying the game, or of giving advantage to a player, the umpire, after warning him, shall call one strike, and if he persists in such action, two and three strikes. When three strikes are called, he shall be subject to the same rules as if he had struck at three fair balls.

[Section 39 is a rule that should be strictly enforced, as it refers to a point of the game that is oft-times a very tedious and annoying feature. How often do we see the striker, the moment his predecessor has made his first base, stand still at the home base, and await the moment when the player on the first base can avail himself of the first failure of the pitcher and catcher to hold the ball while tossing it backward and forward to each other. Some catchers—chiefly among boys, however—actually stand to the right of the home base purposely for this style of game; and even when the pitcher and catcher are inclined to do their duty, the batsman is not, and the latter is frequently allowed to stop the progress and interest of the game by his refusal to strike at good balls, under the plea that they do not suit him, when it is apparent to all that he simply wants to allow his partner to get to his second base. In every respect it is preferable to play the game manfully and without resorting to any such trickery—for it is little else—as this, which not only tires the spectator, but detracts from the merit of the game itself.]

SEC. 40. Every match hereafter made shall be declared by a single game, unless otherwise mutually agreed upon by the contesting clubs.

The following are the rules and regulations for the government of the bound game, when played under the annexed resolution of the Association:

Resolved.—That privilege be given to clubs to play the bound game in matches, by mutual consent. The rules are unaltered, except as follows:

SEC. 14. Or, if a fair ball is struck, and the ball is caught without having touched the ground, or upon the first bound.

SEC. 20. Players must make their bases in the order of striking; and when a fair ball is struck, and not caught flying, nor upon the first bound, the first base must be vacated, as also the second and third bases, if they are occupied at the same time. Players may be put out upon any base, under these circumstances, in the same manner as the striker when running to the first base.

SEC. 25. If a ball, from the stroke of the bat, is held under any other circumstances than as enumerated in Section 24, and without having touched the ground more than once, the striker is out.

RETALIATION.—"Papa, didn't you whip me once for biting little Tommy?" "Yes, my child; you hurt him much." "Well, then papa, you ought to whip sister's music master, too. He bit sister yesterday afternoon right on the mouth; and I know it hurt her, because she put her arms around his neck and tried to choke him."

AMERICAN FISTIANA.

DOINGS IN THE AMERICAN PRIZE RING FOR 1864.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Andrew, Old Joe, died in New York March 18, aged 59 years.
Atkins, Charley, beat Geo. Kain, Staten Island, 27r, 45m, June 23.
Bradley, Frank, beat Patsy Foy near Virginia City, N. T., 91r, 1h 33m.
Barry, the Kid, beat McManus, Edge Hill, near Philadelphia, $400, 5r, 16m, October 6.
Brannon, Jim, beat Jesse Ledford, Hannibal, Mo., $100, 8r, September 18.
Brock and Shanghae Chicken, near San Francisco, 75r, police interfered, June.
Champion's Belt presented to Joe Coburn at the City Assembly Rooms, New York, May 10, the occasion of his farewell benefit previous to leaving for England.
Coburn, Joe, sailed for England in the City of Washington May 14.
Cusick, Jim, and James Dunn, left New York in the steamer City of Washington, in company with Joe Coburn, May 14.
Coburn's challenge accepted by Mace in March.
Carroll, Jimmy, murdered on December 29, 1863, in Houston street, New York.
Coburn, Joe, challenged Tom King after his fight with Heenan, for $10,000, December 24.
CLIPPER's Special Reporter sailed for England in the Etna, to report the Coburn and Mace match, September 3.
Coburn, Jim and Mike, left for England in the City of Washington September 17.
CLIPPER's Special Reporter arrived in Liverpool September 16.
Cusick, Jim, and Johnny Mackey arrived from England in the Etna, November 25.
Coburn, Joe, Captain Saunders, Jim and Mike Coburn, returned from England in the City of Manchester November 2.
CLIPPER's Special Correspondent arrived from England in the City of Manchester November 2.
Crow, Billy, beat Barney Fredendale, near Albany, $100, 3r, Dec. 7.
Coburn, Cusick, and Dunn arrived in England May 27.
Connell, Maurice, and Tom Enwright, turn up, New York, 18m, draw, July.
Dwyer, Billy, of California, and Jack Turner, near York Bay Cemetery, N. J., $400 and a bet of $400, 6r, police interfered, October 11.
Davis, Bill, beat Patsy Daley, near Virginia City, N. T., $2000, 8r, 8m, June 14.
Dyer beat Potter, Martindale Barracks, Washington, D. C., 20r, 60m, February.
Devoe, Alec, died in San Francisco in January.
Donahough beat James, near Washington, 62m, March.
Dunn, Jim, arrived from England August 22.
Donovan, Jerry, beat Jim Burns, Camp Jackson, Mo., 14r, 35m, July 10.
Drumgoole, Johnny, and Hen Duffey, Weehawken, 84r, 2h 10m, draw, July 20.
Elliott, Jimmy, arrested while returning from the Harris and Marley fight on May 5.
Elliott, Jimmy, sentenced to two years' imprisonment at Trenton, N. J., for engaging in a prize fight with Jim Dunn, June 3.
Foster, John, shot by James Rogers, "Sick Jimmy," February 14, San Francisco.
Foy, Patsy, beat Bill Blackwood, near Virginia City, N. T., $1000, 24r, August 8.
Galvin, Dennis, beat Jimmy Hanley, Greenpoint, rough and tumble, 10m, September 12.
Gardner, Jimmy, beat Billy Carey near Greenwood Cemetery, L. I., $50, 23r, 45m, March 10.
Gooderson, Matt, died in New York March 26, aged 44.
Graham, Joe, beat Johnny Drumgoole near Centreville Course, N. Y. (fight by gas light), purse, 46r, 65m, January 24.
Gowey, Jake, beat Tom Maloney, Susquehanna R. R., Albany, $200, 21r, 1h 38m, February 8.
"Greaser" beat "Kanaka" near Virginia City, 13r, July 4.
Hogan, Ben, beat Andy Kelly, glove fight for a silver pitcher, Syracuse Gymnasium, N. Y., 16r, January 16.
Heenan, Tim, Con Fitzgerald, John Coope, and Frank McIntyre arrived in New York from England January 3.
Hollywood, Dick, and Johnny Keating, Gravesend, L. I., $600, 46r, 1h 8m, draw, January 11.
Hannon beat Bluff, Goat Island, San Francisco, 21r, January.
Heenan, Jim, arrived from England April 2.
Harris, Dooney, beat Patsy Marley, Gwynned Station, Pa., $1000, 70r, 1h 55m, May 4.
Hubbell, Jim, beat Dan Wells, City Point, Va., 5r, July 2.
Harris, Dooney, beat Peter Martin, Scranton, Pa., $2000, 6r, 12m, November 16.
Hurley, Johnny, beat Roger McGowan, Pottsville, Pa., $20, 34r, 105m, July 9.
Hyer, Tom, died in New York June 26, aged 45.
Jones, Eph, beat Joe Young, Jeddo, Pa., $50, 8r, 35m, February 1.
Rickline beat Bushnell near Easton, Pa., $100, 25r, Dec. 16, 1863.
Keefe, Pat, beat Jim McCabe, Guttenburg, N. J., $200, 17r, 26m, September 12.
Kerrigan, Jim, received forfeit from Patsy Cronin in December.
Lazarus, Harry, and Johnny Drumgoole, turn up, New York, October.
Lazarus, Harry, arrived from California January 18.
Love, Jim, beat Roger Plant, Cottage Grove, Chicago, $200, 35r, 43m, January 7.
Lavalee, Jerome, "Pock-marked Jake," died at Virginia City, N. T., in March, aged 38.
Leavitt, Mike, and Frank McAleer, Lawrence, Mass., $100, 10r, draw, May 11.
Longstreet beat Johnson near Virginia City, N. T., 7r, in May.
Lynch, Charley, had his leg amputated at Bellevue Hospital in July.
McKenna, Frank, and Johnny Clarey, room fight, New York, 8r, police interfered, July 30.
McCutter, Hen, and Blackey, room fight, New York, 15r, "police!" May 9.
Mulligan, Billy, and Tom Coleman, fought a duel at Austin, Recse River, N. T., April 20.
Mackey, Johnny, met with a severe accident at Pittsburgh while going to see the Duffey and Curtis fight, March 17.
McCallion beat Dwyer, Memphis, Tenn., $200, 9r, 30m, April 20.
Mulligan, Billy, left for California December, 1863.
Morgan beat Donohue, Fort Pillow, Tenn., 12r, December 28, 1863.
McMasters, Joe, and Jim Saunders, Brantford, C. W., 3r, police interfered, January 28.
Murphy forfeited $900 to Fitz of Providence in September.
Meekin and Crow Murray, turn up, Brooklyn, November 14.
Mackey, Johnny, left for England June 18.
Nichols beat French near Culpepper, Va., $100, 40r, January 23.
Nunan, Mike, beat Mike Dorsey, Edge Hill, near Philadelphia, $1000, 76r, 2h 27m, October 6.
Nunan, Mike, and Jack Swift, met on the Flushing Road to fight on January 25, but just as the principals entered the ring, Inspector Folk and others made an attack and clubbed them severely, arresting Nunan, Phil Clare, and others.
O'Farrell, Jimmy, and Charley Moore, near San Francisco, $200, 97r, 1h 55m, darkness came on, draw, November 28.
Ryan beat Smith, glove fight, Point Look Out, Md., $100, 9r, 35m, February 12.
Rollins, Bob, beat Tom Jones, Virginia City, N. T., 5r, 1h 20m, October 7.
Rivers, Sam, beat Young Reddy, room fight, New York, 17r, 22m, July 6.
Riley, Joe, beat Tom Foster near Virginia City, $750, 26r, Sept. 18.
Roche, Johnny, and Johnny McGlade, turn up, New York, 12r, 32m, November.
Royders and Tyson, near Pittsburgh, Pa., 48r, police interfered, November 27.
Sumner, Dave, beat George Riley, Virginia City, N. T., $400, 11r, October 1.
Scotty, of Brooklyn, and Jim Dunn, turn up, February 4.
Saunders, Captain, sailed for England in the City of Edinburgh September 10.
Shevan, Tom, was drowned at Louisiana, Miss., July 4.
Toey, Jim, beat Tom McLane near Albany, 10r, August 10.
Taylor, Professor W. G., died in New Orleans in July.
Turner, Jack, forfeited $1000 to Jim Kerrigan by being overweight, September 28.
Welsh, Morris, beat Tom McCabe, near Portsmouth, Va., 11r, 37m, April 4.
Wright, Tom, died in New York of disease of the heart, Jan.
Webster, Herbert, beat George Hollis, Camp Stoneman, $40, 8r, January.

BRITISH FISTIANA.

DOINGS IN THE PRIZE RING OF GREAT BRITAIN FOR 1864.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Allen, Tom, beat Bingey Rose, near London, £50, 10r, 29m, January 28.
Allen and Smith, Point of Ayr, £60, 49r, 1h 15m, ring broken, referee gave no decision, March 1.
Baker beat Barnes, near London, 32r, 32m, July 25.
Baker, J., beat J. Tiney, near London, £10, 93r, 2h 5m, August 1.
Burns, Ned, beat Dick Johnson, Dunford Bridge, £5, 24r, 26m, August 17.
Bannaghan, P., beat J. Warnock near Glasgow, £90, 43r, 57m, March 28.
Bowen Ben, beat Tom Burns, near Coventry, £10, 12r, 25m, March 28.
Bradley, Boxer, beat Caggy Wilson, near Birmingham, 69r, 1h 30m, March 7.
Brown, Barney, beat Styles, near Plymouth, £10, 22r, 2h 5m, Nov. 23.
Barnes, Tom, beat Charley Border, near Portsmouth, £10, 10r, 14½m, Nov. 15.
Batch, Henry, beat William Anthony, near Swansea, £10, 12r, Nov. 15.
Brummey, Young, beat Bill Choise, near London, £10, 44r, 50m, May 2.
Brown, David, beat Billy Mawbey, near Leicester, £10, 90r, 2h 40m, April.
Cronin, Denny, beat Bill Morris, near London, £10, 28r, 56m, July 4.
Callaghan and Bandoff, near London, £30, 86r, 2h 3m, August 30.
Carpenter, Charles, beat Jack Lamb, £40, 121r, 3h 15m, March 19.
Compton beat Vickers, near Coventry, £20, 20r, 55m, March 30.
Candy and Brown, near Tothill, £10, 1h, police interfered, April 18.
Crawley, Peter, died suddenly from disease of the heart, in London, Eng., March 12, aged 63.
Coburn, Joe, and Jem Mace were to have fought at Pierstown, Parish of Kilmara, County Tipperary, Ireland, for £1000—Coburn was on the ground and in the ring at the time appointed, but Mace "cut it" the night before the fight was to have taken place, leaving Dublin for England on the evening of October 3—the day fixed for the fight was October 4. On the 14th of October, Coburn received £100 to draw the stakes.
Cross, Joe, beat Andy Peas, near London, £12, 39r, 1h 8m, July 13.
Dillon, Jem, sentenced for three months at hard labor for assaulting a woman, November.
Donnelly, Ned, beat Jem Styles, near London, £40, 10r, 16m, January 12.
Dackem, Bob, beat Jem Skipton, Manchester District, £10, 27r, 1h 10m, October 26.
Donough beat Welsh, near London, £10, 70r, 1h 35m, October 31.
Dawes and Herne, near Sheffield, 20m, October 23, fatal to Dawes.
Duffey and Jinkey, near Birmingham, £10, 43r, June 14.
Dackem, Bob, beat Nobby Porter, near London, £10, 8r, May 17.
Duffy, Martin, beat Frank Edwards, Macclesfield District, £30, 66r, 1h 10m, June 29.
Edwards, Frank, beat Martin Duffey, Stafford, 54r, 1h 26m, February —.
Edwards, Harry, beat Tom Steel, near London, £25, 45r, 1h 45m, February 16.
Finighty, Simon, and Jem Fox, Hilbury Island, Cheshire Coast, £50, 12r, 1h 11m, draw, January 12.
Fletcher, George, beat Young Short, Sheffield District, £30, 15r, 26m, August 30.
Finch, Charley, beat Charley Berry, near Manchester, £10, 36r, 1h 35m, March 26.
Frawley, Jim, beat Joe Cross, near London, £20, 11r, March 14.
Frinch, James, beat Ed. Gardiner, near London, purse, 16r, 42m, May 17.
Fleming, Sam, beat Tom Potts, Manchester District, £10, 26r, 1h 6m, Nov.
Fee, Bob, died in Australia, Nov.
Greaves, Bill, and Young Cuiler, Coventry Road, £5, 11r, 20m, draw, June 22.
Gorger beat Ashmore's Black, near London, £10, 60r, 1h 30m, March 12.
Goss, Jo

interned to ensure success, and will have in his corner the two most accomplished seconds of the day. Concerning Marsden, the most satisfactory accounts have reached us, and his friends declare that their pet is now fit to fight for an empire, and they have every confidence in his prowess.—*Sporting Life.*

MERRY MILL IN THE MACCLESFIELD DISTRICT.—Early on Wednesday morning, December 14, a game encounter at fisticuffs took place in the Macclesfield district, between Joseph Blackshaw, of Congleton, and Thomas Hall, of Macclesfield. The match originated over a squabble, and a purse was subscribed for in order to test the respective merits of the combatants, who are but novices in the fistic art. The tip had only been given to a few, and consequently a select muster of each man's friends assembled at the trysting-place, and the battle was brought to a satisfactory issue without any interference by the authorities. A gallant and determined encounter was witnessed, neither having any particular advantage over his adversary, and at the end of 1 hour 15 min., the friends of Blackshaw gave in for him, the wet and slippery state of the ground being much against him in consequence of his boots not being spiked, added to which, an old wound in one of his legs gave way so that the fellow was compelled to succumb from sheer exhaustion. Both men were much punished about the face.

£200 SCULLING MATCH
BETWEEN
DAVID COOMBES AND FRANK KILSBY,
ROWED ON THE THAMES, DEC. 13.

The interest taken in this race may be imagined when no less than half a dozen steamers were chartered, and all were crowded to excess. The umpire's boat was conjointly chartered by Kilsby and Coombes, and they had also one steamer each in their separate interests. The course was from Putney Aqueduct Bridge to the Old Ship at Mortlake. The betting, soon after starting, in one of the worst November fogs imaginable, was even, Kilsby for choice. Both looked in famous condition, notwithstanding the contrary rumor in the case of Kilsby. Frank weighed 10st 4lb (in drawers), and Coombes 8st 8lb.

David Coombes was born on June 13, 1842; his height is 5ft. 6in., and general weight 9st. He has won several good races, and on Aug. 1, 1864, started at the fourth station for and won Doggett's Coat and Badge, defeating Frank Kilsby (his present opponent, who was second), Whittington, Groves, and two others; he also won several minor races at the same meeting. His more recent performance was on July 25, when he won the Horseleydown boat, beating Wheeler, Chapman, Morris, Radford and Blackwell.

Frank Kilsby, of the Old Barge House, was born on Oct. 13, 1841, stands 5ft. 8¼in., and weighs 10st 4lb. He has won half a dozen races, and been successful in most of his engagements.

Geo. Hammerton was umpire for David, and Harry Kelley showed him up; whilst Harry Salter acted for Kilsby, who was coached up by Geo. Drewitt. Mr. C. Newnham was referee. Kilsby's colors were a mazarine blue, with a variegated white sprig. The other was a chocolate, and white flower.

THE RACE

Commenced at thirteen minutes past two o'clock, after one false attempt had been made, in which David drew slightly away. At the second attempt, a very even start was effected. The London Rowing Club Boat-house being reached, Coombes obtained the most trifling lead, increasing it to nearly half a boat's length at Finch's, just beyond which, Kilsby (who had won the station) went rather too much in shore. Half-way along the Willows the difference between them was but extremely slight, although Coombes was evidently exhibiting the cleanest and neatest style of rowing. At the end of the Willows, the competitors found themselves in such close proximity that every one on board the umpires' boat imagined that a foul would take place. Kilsby was far in shore, and strove to make further into the stream. His endeavors to do so, however, were unsuccessful, and, not keeping his boat straight, they necessarily came into collision, which was however no fault of either man. That this was Mr. Newnham's opinion was evident, for amongst the wild shouts of foul from either side, the referee did not say a word, and so the race proceeded, although much dissatisfaction appeared to dwell on the countenances of the backers of Kilsby. On crossing over from the Rose Bank to the Soap-works, it was clear that Coombes was going away rapidly from his opponent. Making the Soap-works, David was two lengths in the van, and increased the same to five as he passed under Hammersmith Bridge, in 9min. 50sec., amidst the tremendous cheers of the surrounding spectators. From this point, Kilsby appeared to row with nothing like energy, and the aspect of matters denoted a foregone conclusion. At Barnes Bridge, the time of Coombes was 21 min. 28 sec., while at that structure Kilsby was full 30 seconds behind. It is scarcely necessary to state more than that Kilsby lost by nearly twenty lengths. The winner's time was 25 min. 15 sec., on a rare swingeing tide. When the goal had been passed by Coombes, the referee, on being appealed to, without the slightest possible hesitation awarded the stakes to Coombes, observing that if Kilsby had kept his boat straight he must have had the money; unfortunately, he came out just at the same moment, and there being a mutual foul, there was fault on both sides.

CARTER AND MAY'S SCULLING MATCH.—These somewhat noted rowers had a sculling match on the 18th of December for £20 a side, from Putney Aqueduct to Barnes Railway Bridge, London, which was won by Carter in 25 min. 30 sec. The betting was 2 to 1 on Carter.

ROWING MATCH BETWEEN CHURCH AND LANE.—Bill Lane and George Church had a sculler's race for £10 a side in old-fashioned boats, from Putney to Mortlake, on Dec. 14th, Church winning easily in 28 min. 30 sec.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BILLIARD HANDICAP.—The students at these two famous seats of learning do not neglect their physical training while cultivating their mental qualities, as we have abundant proof to the contrary in the record of their various contests in boating, cricket, rackets, billiards, etc., which from time to time reach us. The most recent sporting event in which they have engaged is a billiard handicap, a brief summary of which we here present:—"On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Dec. 1st, 2d, and 3d, a billiard handicap, 300 points up, was played at Mr. Keek's, there being sixteen entries, who were handicapped, and played as follows: Thursday: W. Hughes 70, beat Ledger 60, by 30 points; Mr. Baillie 45, beat Jones 50, by 60; J. Roberts, jun., 0, beat Green 90, by 148; W. Dufton, 0, beat Wesley 0, by 163; Smith 70, beat Ade 50, by 6. Friday: Continuation of the first draw. A. Hughes 0, beat Monkhouse 80, by 61 points; Evans 0, beat T. Morris 0, by 163; T. Ottoway 45, beat Johnson 60, by 13. Second draw: Evans 0, beat W. Hughes 70, by 116 points; A. Hughes 0, beat J. Roberts, jun. 0, by 28. Saturday: Continuation of the second draw. Mr. Baillie 45, beat Smith 70, by 40 points; Ottoway 45, beat W. Dufton 0, by 10. Third draw: A. Hughes 0, beat Evans 0, by 208 points; Mr. Baillie 45, beat Ottoway 45, by 120. Final heat: Mr. Baillie 45, beat A. Hughes 0, by 34 points, winning the first prize, the gold watch and chain, A. Hughes being presented with a cigar case as second prize.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

J. R. TREMBLY, Hd. Qr'trs Army Potomac.—The desired information was sent by mail on the 24th ult. It is quite justifiable.

J. HALL, Harewood Hospital, Washington.—Your second letter to hand. Answered before; but we may briefly say, yes, "and more too."

W. R. HENRY, Cuba—or somewhere else.—The package, on examination, proves highly interesting and valuable; the CLIPPER will, as time and space serve, surely be enriched therefrom. The *et sequiter* of the *Lynn News* is its best part; those rhymes are immense hits.

DEATH OF MR. GEORGE MAUDE.—We regret to announce the death of this gentleman, so well known in Chess circles. For some years past Mr. Maude has been in indifferent health. About two years ago he went to Alexandria in the hope of receiving benefit from the milder climate; but, being obliged to return, sustained a relapse, and was again compelled to go abroad. He derived, however, little advantage, and died very shortly after his arrival in England. Mr. Maude was an amateur player of considerable ability, and he took a keen interest in the affairs of chess. He played several matches with Herr Kolisch, when that gentleman was in London, and afterwards made a vigorous stand against him in Paris. Mr. M. was a gentleman of high accomplishments, and was much beloved by all who knew him for the excellent qualities of his heart.—*London Era.*

Enigma No. 461.

We find the following very remarkable position in the *Leipziger Illustrates Familien Journal.*

BY MAX BEZZELAND OTTO WULFING.

at home, her Kt 6, Q R 3, K R 5, Q B sq, K B sq, K 7, K R sq, and a White P at Q R 2d.

at Q B 5th,

at K 7th.

White to play and compel Black to mate in twelve moves.

☞ Omit the White P; how then can the above pieces (the White K and Black P as above) be placed so that White can force self mate in *eleven* moves?

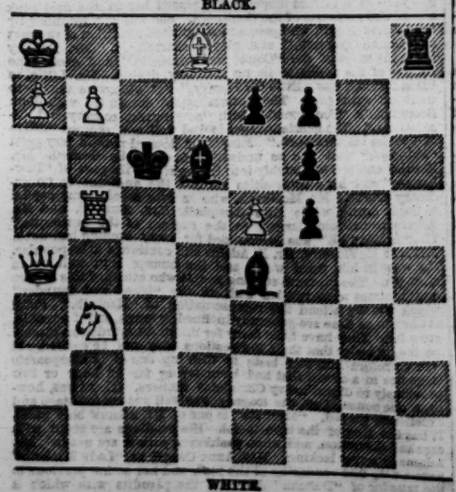
Problem No. 461.

THE TWINS—POLLUX.

Suggested by the study of No. 440, and respectfully inscribed to THEO. M. BROWN, ESQ.,

BY CHAS. G. BARNES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and compel Black to give mate in six moves.

Game No. 461.

Skirmish very short and very decisive between Mr. N., of Harvard University, and our contributor, Dr. C.

RUY LOPEZ KT'S GAME.

Attack, Mr. N——	Defence, Dr. C——	Attack, Mr. N——	Defence, Dr. C——
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	6..P to K 5	P to Q B 3 (*)
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	7..Q B-Kt 5	K B-K 2
3..K B-Kt 5	K Kt-B 3	8..Castles	B P × B
4..P-Q 4	Q Kt × P	9..K P × Kt	Kt P × P
5..K Kt × Kt	K P × Kt	10..Q × Q 2d P	Q R-his 5, and the Defence wins the *partie.*

(*) Let the student compare carefully this move and opening (the game being all opening) with the corresponding move and opening of 3d Morphy vs. Andersen, together with the notes thereon in "*Morphy's Games*"—Appleton's Ed., p. 14: "*Chess Praxis,*" p. 488: also Lange's "*Neue Schachpartien,*" pp. 53-57.

Hard-battled *partie* in a match between Mr. Mackenzie and the Rev. G. A. McDonnell.—*Irish Sporting Record.*

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

Mackenzie.	McDonnell.	Mackenzie.	McDonnell.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	33..Kt to K B 3	Q R to K 2
2..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3 (a)	34..Q-K R 4	Q-her Kt 3
3..P-Q 4	K P × P	35..K-his B 2	R-K Kt 2
4..Q × Q 2d P	Q B-K 3	36..K-his 2	K R-K 4
5..Q Kt-B 3	P-Q B 3	37..Q Kt-Q 4	Q-her 6
6..Q B-K 3	Q Kt-B 3	38..Q-K B 4	K R-Q 4 (e)
7..Q-her 2	K B-K 2	39..R-K B 3	Q × Q
8..K B-Q 3	K Kt-B 3	40..Q R × Q	K R-Q 3
9..P-K R 3	Q Kt-K 4	41..K-his B 3	R-Q Kt 2
10..K Kt × Kt	Q P × Kt	42..R-K Kt 4	P-Q R 4
11..Castles	Castles	43..P-Q Kt 4	P × P *en pass*
12..P-K B 4	K P × P	44..B × Kt 2d P	P-Q Kt 5
13..K R × P	Kt-Q 2 (b)	45..K B-Q 5	Q R-Kt sq
14..Q-K 2	K B-Kt 4	46..R P × P	R P × P
15..K R-B sq (c)	K B × B +	47..B P × P (*f*)	Q R × P
16..Q × K B	P-K B 3	48..Kt-Q B 2	Q R-his 5
17..Q R-Q sq	Q-K 2	49..Q Kt-K 3	Q R-his 6
18..K R-B 2	Q R-K sq	50..R-his B 4	P-Kt 4 +
19..P-Q B 3	Q Kt-K 4	51..K-his B 3	P-K B 3 (*g*)
20..Q Kt-K 2	K-his R sq	52..R-K Kt sq	K-his B 2
21..Q Kt-Q 4	B-Q B sq	53..R-K B sq (*h*)	K R-Q sq
22..P-K Kt 4	B × Kt P (*d*)	54..K B-K 6	K R-Q 7
23..R P × B	Kt × Kt P	55..R-Q B sq	P-K R 4
24..Q-K Kt 3	Kt × K R	56..P-K 5	P-Kt 5 +
25..Q × Q Kt	P-K Kt 3	57..K-his 4	K R-K 7
26..Q R-K sq	P-Q B 4	58..B-his 5 +	K-his R 8
27..Kt-K B 3	P-Q Kt 4	59..K P × P	K R × Kt +
28..P-Q B 3	P-Q B 5	60..K-Q 4	R-K B 6
29..B-Q Kt sq	Q-her B 2	61..R-Q B 5	Q R-his 5 +
30..Kt-K R 4	Q R-K 4	62..K-his 5	Q R-K B 5
31..Q R-K 3	Q-her 3	63..K-his 6	P-K Kt 6
32..B-Q B 2	K R-K sq	64..P-K B 7	K-Kt 2, and

Mr. Mackenzie resigned.

(*a*) Mr. McDonnell had already played and lost one game at this Defence, but had opened in so unsatisfactory a manner that he considered it no test of the merits of this *debut.*

(*b*) This opening has been managed incomparably better than that of the second game, above alluded to.

(*c*) The Attack loses valuable time with this Rook.

(*d*) A sacrifice too tempting to be resisted, as the Attack will evidently be left with a game very difficult to play. From this point to the end, the struggle, though in some points rather slow, is interesting.

(*e*) This is very well played. [Wasn't the 36th of the Defence very like "bridging a risk?"—ED.]

(*f*) We are by no means sure that 47..P to Q B 4th would not have been more formidable to the Defence, as his own R is in time to stop the advanced P. But the consequences were so remote and difficult to see through, that Mr. M. cannot be blamed for taking the P.

(*g*) Is not P to K R 4th better?

(*h*) This looks very like a lost move.

MATCHES IN PHILADELPHIA.—Quite an interesting match at the odds of a Kt was recently contested at the Mercantile Library between Messrs. G. Richheim and H. C. Montgomery, resulting in a very decided victory to Mr. R. A second contest is now in progress at the odds of the R., which is exciting much attention. This is a severe test of Mr. Richheim's chess skill, and it reflects great credit upon him that he has been able to win any games at all, at such enormous odds, from as careful and experienced a player as his present antagonist. The first five games carry the victory, and at the last advices the score stood, Mr. R, 3; Mr. M, 2; drawn, 1.

CHEQUERS.

To Draught Players.

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18-tf No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

To Correspondents.

J. A. MUGRIDGE, Buffalo, N. Y.—Game received. Have never examined that variation. Will act as you request.

A. KERR, Glasgow, Scotland.—Positions received. They are fine, and we'll soon give them to our readers.

L. H. MARSH, Boston.—We will do that. It appears this week.

J. H. BURNHAM, Lansingburgh, N. Y.—That batch of positions are good 'uns, and shall appear. Any good games that you come across shall have space.

E. B JACQUES, Malvern, C. W.—Games received. Will examine and report soon.

A. J. F., Geneva, N. Y.—Positions received. Will go in soon.

J. U., New York.—A moment's reflection will enable you to perceive that it would be improper for us to comply with your desire. In no case can we give the name of any correspondent without their permission. With regard to who is the "strongest player" in this country, we would merely remark that, a match brought about by a challenge, and backed by a considerable stake, will probably settle this question; if not, then it must remain an "open one."

A. B.—The Draught Problems which have appeared in the CLIPPER have not been published in book form. Such a publication is contemplated, but not at present.

MR. C. A. LITTLEFIELD, the distinguished Draught Player, of Boston, recently paid his annual visit to New York, which he has been in the habit of doing for the last few years, and at the same time played with some of the members of the club. As will be seen by the following score, he left the city as winner of a large majority of the games played:

Littlefield	7	Clute	12	Drawn	31
Littlefield	11	Burr	6	Drawn	10
Littlefield	9	Hickok	5	Drawn	13
Littlefield	6	Thompson	2	Drawn	3
Littlefield	22	Luhrs	7	Drawn	22

It is due to Mr. Luhrs, however, to state that he is out of practice, having been absent for nearly a year, and but recently returned. Mr. Littlefield has taken the lead of Dr. Clute in their previous matches until last year and this year. On the final score Mr. L. claims a majority of 11 games of the number played during the past seven years.

Solution of Position No. 35--Vol. XII.

BY J. H. BURNHAM.

Black. J. H. B.	White. Mr. M.	Black. J. H. B.	White. Mr. M.
1..24 to 27	32 to 23	5..28 to 32	21 to 14
2..12 16	19 12	6..32 27	30 23
3.. 7 10	14 7	7..27 2 and wins.	
4.. 3 26	12 3		

Solution of Drummond's 44th Position.

THIRD EDITION.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1.. 1 to 6	27 to 18	3..10 to 7	3 to 10
2..15 10	16 23	4..6 22, and wins.	

Match Games.

BETWEEN J. McINTOSH AND J. McGREGOR.

Black—J. McI.		White—J. McG.	
7.. 4	8	24	20
8.. 6	11	27	24
9.. 3	7		

SECOND GAME.

Black—J. McG.		White—J. McI.	
7.. 5	14	26	23
8.. 2	6	24	20
9..15	24	28	19

Position No. 36, Vol. XII.

BY L. H. MARSH, ESQ.

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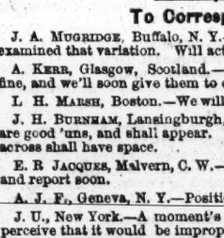

WHITE.—(MR. M.)

Black to move and win.

The 45th Position

OF DRUMMOND. (3d edition.

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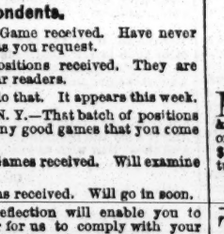

WHITE.

White to move and win.

Game No. 48--Vol. XII.

FORTY-FIRST GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

AYRSHIRE LASSIE.

Wylie, Black.		Martins, White.		Wylie, Black.		Martins, White.	
1..11 to 15		24 to 20		15.. 1 to 5		22 to 17	
2.. 8 11		28 24		16.. 5 9		17 13	
3.. 4 8		(a)22 15		17.. 6 11		13 6	
4..15 22		25 18		18.. 2 9		25 22	
5..10 15		26 22		19.. 9 13		29 19	
6.. 6 10		23 19		20..14 18		22 17	
7..10 14		19 10		21..13 22		31 17	
8..14 23		27 18		22..22 26		17 13	
9.. 7 23		31 27		23..26 30		13 9	
10.. 9 14		27 9		24..30 26		9 6	
11.. 5 14		(b)30 25		25..26 22		6 2	
12..11 15		26 23		26..23 16		2 7	
13.. 3 7		29 25		27..10 14		Wylie won.	
14.. 7 16		32 28					

(a) The variation. Anderson plays 29 to 13, and Sturges 22 to 18, both moves drawn. Martins has a hard row to hoe after making this move.

(b) The losing move.

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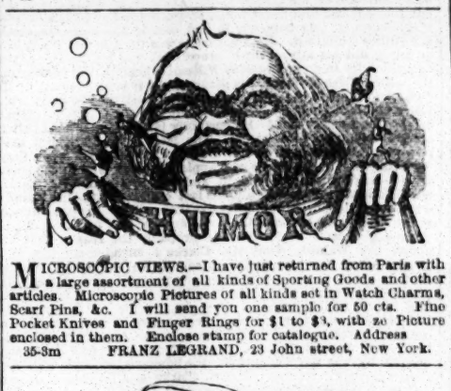

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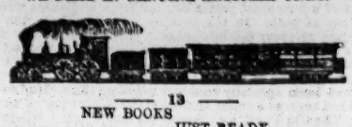

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Deaths in the Dramatic, Minstrel, Musical, and Circus Professions, during the Year 1864.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Aristeppe, M., Paris, October, 1864.
Adams, Richard Kerwan, Belfast, June 2, 1864.
Abbott, Charles D., Lassell, Ill., May 20, 1864.
Acraman, Mr., London, Dec. 10, 1864.
Segrez, J., London, Dec. 13, 1863.
Butler, John, New York, Nov. 18, 1864.
Barker, Wm. H., San Francisco, Dec. 11, 1864.
Beresford, Mrs. W. H., Castleford, Eng., Nov. 13, 1864.
Breyer, Mrs. J. E., Fort Wayne, Ind., July 15, 1864.
Buechel, Edward, San Francisco, June 12, 1864.
Brookings, Wm. H., Boston, Aug. 10, 1864.
Backley, Fred., Boston, Sept. 16, 1864.
Bess, Black, (Performing Mare), London, Jan. 12, 1864.
Baer, Maggie, Philadelphia, April 2, 1864.
Brillant, Paul, New York, May 15, 1864.
Boudinot, Frank P., Yorktown, Va., May 2, 1864.
Barrett, Benj., London, May 16, 1864.
Brucceanni, Jno. M., New York, June 15, 1864.
Boyce, Mrs. Charles, London, June 15, 1864.
Berry, Frederick, London, Dec. 3, 1864.
Cofield, Samuel, London, June 3, 1864.
Cubas, Senorita Isabel, New York, June 20, 1864.
Conner, J. W., San Francisco, Nov. 27, 1863.
Cranshan, Richard, San Francisco, May 1, 1864.
Cooke, T. P., Brompton, Eng., April 4, 1864.
Campbell, Mrs. Allan, New York, April 16, 1864.
Cowell, Sam, Blandford, Eng., March 11, 1864.
Charles, Marie, London, Jan. 21, 1864.
Carlisle, James, Chicago, Feb. 16, 1864.
Clarke, John, Manchester, Eng., Jan. 25, 1864.
Collingwood, John, Melbourne, June 29, 1864.
Chippendale, W. B., (in battle), July 28, 1864.
Closkey, John, Albany, Sept. 17, 1864.
Coipart, M., Paris, Sept., 1864.
Causeland, Mr. and Mrs., on Shipboard, Nov. 1864.
Chippendale, Mrs., London, Dec. 4, 1864.
Dentith, W. H., London, Oct. 24, 1864.
Driesbach, Albert, Wooster, Ohio, Dec. 17, 1863.
Duprey, Fanny, Newcastle, Eng., Sept. 26, 1864.
Duley, John Henry, London, May 31, 1864.
Dillon, Mrs. John, Chicago, Dec. 18, 1864.
Dupont, Midlle, Paris, Nov. 1864.
Ellenden, Thos., Berwick, Eng., June 6, 1864.
Eddy, Harry, Eng., March 16, 1864.
Eberle, David, Philadelphia, Sep. 8, 1864.
England, W. H. Lancashire, Eng., July 4, 1864.
English, Wm. B. Stratford, C. W., July 15, 1864.
Edgar, Wm., London, March 10, 1864.
Felix, Mad'lle, Paris, June 12, 1864.
Foster, Chas. J., St. Louis, July 3, 1864.
Falconer, Mrs. Edmund, London, June 7, 1864.
Foster, Stephen C., New York, Jan. 15, 1864.
Fox, Charles, New York, Dec. 26, 1864.
Green, Geo. England, Feb. 10, 1864.
Grover, E. J., Washington, Nov. 4, 1864.
Griffith, Cadwallader, Phil., April 10, 1864.
Gulpen, Van Mrs. Matilda, Korsinsky, California, May, 1864.
Grosvenor, (Hamilton), Wm. H., San Francisco, March 23, 1864.
Holman, Master Benj., Troy, N. Y., March 7, 1864.
Higgins, Mrs. Frances Edwin, Barnbury, Eng., Aug. 27, 1864.
Howe, Jas., London, August 27, 1864.
Hayes, John Henry, London, March 7, 1864.
Hammersly, Capt. J. H., Memphis, May 25, 1864.
Herbert, John, New York, June 5, 1864.
Hosmer, Abbie Stanley, Buffalo, April 21, 1864.
Johnson, Mr., London, Feb. 7, 1864.
James, Charles, Sydney, N. S. W., July, 1864.
Jolly, John Marks, London, July 1, 1864.
Johnson, Hatty, (at sea) June 1, 1864.
Knowles, Eleanor, Liverpool, Eng., Jan. 7, 1864.
Keach, E. F., Charlestown, Mass., Feb. 1, 1864.
Kelly, John, Boston, April 14, 1864.
Linden, Mrs. Henry, London, Dec. 25, 1863.
Lovelady, James, Liverpool, England, Feb. 27, 1864.
Lloyd, Fred., London, Jan. 17, 1864.
Lewis, Charles, Portage Lake, Wis., Nov. 28, 1864.
Lehman, Mr., St. Jago, Dec., 1863.
Lum, Jos., Brighton, December, 1863.
Meech, Mrs. Wellington, Rochester, March 25, 1864.
Marzetti, Jos., New York, October 6, 1864.
Moseley, Helen, Alexandria, Va., Oct. 29, 1864.
Matthews, Chris., Liverpool, England, April 2, 1864.
Meyerbeer, Giacomo, Paris, May 2, 1864.
Morris, Gen. George P., New York, July 6, 1864.
Munro, James, Birmingham, England, March 10, 1864.
Mainpiece, John, Newmarket, England, Nov, 28, 1864.
Macarte, Wm., St. Helens, Dec. 2, 1864.
Nixon, Mrs. Caroline L., Bangor, Me., July 20, 1864.
Nickinson, John, Cincinnati, February 9, 1864.
Ogden, J. H., Philadelphia, August 11, 1864.
Ormond, Mrs., St. Jago, December 4, 1863.
Pratt, W. W., Rochester, November, 28, 1864.
Pishon (Campbell), Mrs. Jane (Fat Woman), Brookfield, Mass., June 30, 1864.
Phillips, Phillip, London, May 29, 1864.
Pearce, H. W., Herkimer, N. Y., January 2, 1864.
Parson, Henry, York, England, December 25, 1863.
Robson, Frederick, London, August 12, 1864.
Raynor (Rea), George, Brooklyn, April 2, 1864.
Read, Alvin A., Cincinnati, June 4, 1864.
Salisbury, Charles, New Orleans, November 29, 1864.
Smith, J. W., Chattanooga, Tennessee, November 23, 1864.
Seal, W. B., Newcastle, England, May 13, 1864.
Searl, William, London, May 9, 1864.
Smith, Graham Thomas, Sheffield, England, December 24, 1863.
Sear, William, Havanna, April 28, 1864.
Stoddart, Robert, St. Helens, England, July 22, 1864.
Seymour, James, New York, September 22, 1864.
Stickney, Mrs. E. M., Philadelphia, February 18, 1864.
Smith, J. Rawson, Philadelphia, March 21, 1864.
Stephens (Kinloch), Mrs., Philadelphia, January 23, 1864.
Shuter, Mrs., London, November 4, 1864.
Sterne, James, West Hartleford, England, Dec. 8, 1864.
Tyler, William, Crigleford, England, October 2, 1864.
Thorne, Thomas, Hong Kong, China, August 5, 1864.
Trainor (Frazer), Thomas, La Roy, New York, July 18, 1864.
Tett, Charles, London, July 28, 1864.
Tennett, Benjamin, Geelong, Australia, September 11, 1864.
Tilbury, Mr., London, January 30, 1864.
Thayer, Amidon L., Boston, February 20, 1864.
Thomas, Wally, Lowell, Mass., May 29, 1864.
Vattemare, Alexandre, Paris, April, 1864.
Wallack, Lieut. George, Long Branch, New Jersey, January, 1864.
Warland, Jerry, New York, April 24, 1864.
Woodyer, James, Glasgow, March 26, 1864.
Willetts, Joseph M., Milwaukee, May 28, 1864.
Wolf, Thomas C., Rochester, September 15, 1864.
Winders, William, London, August 21, 1864.
Wells, Samuel, Virginia City, N. T., August 27, 1864.
Watkins, Dick, Philadelphia, August 8, 1864.
Woolidge, Thomas, London, July 2, 1864.
Wallack, James W., Sen., New York, December 25, 1864.

City Summary.

TUESDAY, January 2, 1865.

ANOTHER YEAR has passed away, and we stand upon the threshold of the new, offering to our thousands of readers the congratulations and compliments appertaining to the festive season, and wishing one and all a "happy new year." The year just closed has been one of great prosperity to managers, and all who cater for our amusement; a year which has enriched many a man who has been bold enough to stake his capital in the business and venture upon the theatrical tide that leads to fortune or disaster dire.....Owing to the increase in the cost of everything necessary to a proper conduct of the show business; increase in salaries of performers; etc., managers felt compelled to advance their prices of admission. It was a somewhat hazardous experiment, and no doubt the risks were well considered before the step was taken—this refers to the Broadway establishments. The public were duly apprised of the proposed change in the admission tariff, and as the public were getting better prices for *their* commodities, they gave their support to the managers, and thronged the theatres and halls just as they had done before the raise in the prices. Managers were in their glory, and all was serene.....Although the war has been waged with unremitting vigor, the Northern cities give little or no evidence of its sad effects, save in the thousands of maimed and crippled soldiers to be seen in our midst, or the sable-attired widows and orphans who mourn the loss of husbands, fathers, and brothers. And yet, deadly as the strife may be in almost countless scenes of battle, the people clamor for amusements—they clamor for amusement where war is not felt, and clamor for it even where terrible armies confront each other in fierce battle array. Amusements follow in the wake of our armies. Gen. Sherman had not occupied the city of Savannah more than a day, before one of the Yanks had secured the theatre, and in this issue of the CLIPPER he advertises for a company. So it has been in every city captured by the Union forces, and so it will be in every city yet to be brought under the protection of the American flag.....New York is the great *depot* of theatricals, minstrelsy, etc. Here congregate performers in every line of business, from almost every part of the world, and here engagements are made for every section of our country. The past year has witnessed the assembling in our city of thousands of professionals—they come and they go—"they come like shadows, and like shadows so depart." Long may we have the players among us; they are the chroniclers of the times; they afford us many hours of enjoyment which otherwise might be passed unhappily; and they point many a good moral, if they do not adorn a tale. And yet the players are passing away—death has made sad havoc in the profession during the year just closed; many of its shining lights have gone out, flouted away on the ocean of eternity, nevermore to return. At the head of this department we give a list, as far as we have been able to gather them, of between one and two hundred members of the dramatic, minstrel, and show profession who have paid the great debt of nature during the year. It is a sad record, the record of a debt we all must sooner or later pay. No age, sex, nor condition in life is exempt from the arresting hand of death; and the constant mutation of all things beneath the sun is a convincing proof that man on earth hath no abiding place. "He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down—he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." Even in his best estate, he but just gathers about him the materials of life, lays the foundation for expected happiness and future usefulness, when suddenly the arrow of death is winged—his earthly career terminated, and he is lodged in the silent grave. Thus the sweet domestic circle is robbed of its head and stay—the affectionate wife left to mourn the companion of her youth and love, and the smiling infant becomes an orphan ere it is capable of appreciating his love. It is right for us to honor the memory of the virtuous dead. It is right that we should record those traits of character which rendered their memory truly blessed. It is right, not because the dead are to be made more happy by any panegyric which we can be-stow—nor because the feelings of surviving friends are to be gratified by the praise which is given to their departed kindred—but because a good influence is thereby exerted upon public sentiment, for the honors that are paid to the virtues of the dead are tokens to the living of the estimation in which virtue is held. In the list of deaths we have given above are the names of many we have mingled with in life, many whose voices we have listened to with pleasurable emotions. They have all passed away—we but a little longer wait.

"We shall meet, but we will miss them,
There will be the vacant chair—
We will linger to caress them
As we breathe our evening prayer."

AFTERNOON and evening performances were given at several places of amusement yesterday, and large audiences were in attendance at both. In the evening, however, there was a complete jam at every establishment. This was especially the case on the east side of town; at the New Bowery, we noticed one individual composedly seated on the shoulders of another, enjoying the daring riding of the dashing Leo Hudson just as though the seat had been specially reserved for him. The "Hudson" even could not repress a smile at the ludicrous position of the sight-seer. The Old Theatre witnessed another crush. Where all the people came from, no one could tell. All New York seemed to have been emptied into the theatres, and halls, and other houses of call. It was a great night for places of amusement, and managers must have been delighted with the large number of calls they received.

EDWIN BOOTH still gives us "Hamlet," to the evident delight of admirers of Shakespeare's creations. The Winter Garden has produced nothing to excel "Hamlet," for it is not only magnificently and most accurately placed upon the stage, but the various characters are performed in a most creditable manner, led "by a noble scion of a noble stock."

POOR CHARLEY FOX is dead—Charley Fox, the Ethiopian comedian, who has oftimes set the house onto a roar when performing with Wood's Minstrels. He died at his residence in this city on Monday, December 26th; passed out of the world just as the audience from Wood's hall passed out after enjoying a Christmas afternoon performance. He has not been in good health for some time, yet managed to keep about, and continue his performances. He left Wood's Minstrels some time ago, and was recently engaged by Robert Butler, of "444" Broadway, at which establishment he made his last appearance in public, and performed his last act on the mimic boards, on Thursday evening, Dec 22, only three days before his death. On the very day of his decease, we have been informed, he expressed a wish to "go down to the show," and commenced to dress himself for that purpose, but in the act he fell, and in a brief space of time was a corpse. The funeral took place on Wednesday, 28th Dec., the remains being conveyed to Greenwood Cemetery, followed by his relatives and a number of the minstrel profession, representatives of the various companies in this city. The deceased was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 18th of Nov., 1828. His first appearance before the public, in cork, was in 1843, as a violinist to an amateur company called "Fox's African Minstrels." Shortly afterwards he joined a travelling troupe, visiting many of the principal cities and towns throughout the United States. In 1854, he resolved to settle down in New York, since which time he has been engaged with various companies. In 1861 he was attached to Hooley's Minstrels, on Broadway, and became a great favorite with the *habitues*. When Mr. Wood opened his Marble Building, Mr. Fox was engaged as tambo and end man, and continued in the employ of that gentleman for several years. He was possessed of a vein of rich humor, which, although at times of a quiet order, was sure to "bring down the house." He was the author of several popular songs, and his banjo solos were also very popular. He leaves a wife to mourn his decease.

ARRANGEMENTS are being perfected for a testimonial benefit to Hi. Rumsey, the banjo player and Ethiopian comedian, who is totally incapacitated from performing, owing to what seems to be a paralysis of the lower limbs and hands. The benefit will take place on Thursday afternoon, January 12th, at the opera house of Campbell's Minstrels, in the Bowery, opposite Spring street. The managers of minstrel companies here and in Brooklyn have promised their aid, and the entertainment will be one of the greatest minstrel performances ever given. Some of the best performers in the profession have already volunteered for the occasion. Full particulars, with list of performers, etc., will appear in next week's CLIPPER.

A SERIES of amusing and instructive entertainments have been given at Barnum's Museum during the Holidays. The Great Showman is not content with doing a thing by halves, but he must needs go the whole hog or none. Look at the immense number of attractions which is offered for the exceedingly small sum of thirty cents. Three giants, each over eight feet high; three fat girls, whose combined weight is one ton; two dwarfs, and a host of other curiosities. Then we have Miss Jennie Stone, the Scottish Queen, a very lady-like and diminutive specimen of the human race. O-ke-na-wa-ka's tribe of Indians appear in all their war dances. Woodroffe's Bohemian Glass Blowers are also engaged. What a place this is for children! How they love to peer into the glass cases and wonder if the stuffed lions and tigers were ever guilty of destroying life. It does us good to see the smiles which adorn their faces. How they laugh over the comic singing of Mr. Harrison. The variegated fish which swim about in tanks attract their attention for hour after hour. If perchance Mr. or Miss Fintail should dive to the bottom, why Billy will tell Sally, and Sally will tell Mary, and Mary will tell Johnny, and in a few minutes a group of young ones will be seen watching with breathless suspense for some other important movement on the part of Mr. or Miss F. It may be ten or fifteen minutes before any such movement does take place, but still there they gather, like bees around a hive of honey. How they laugh, and chatter, and clap their hands. It is worth the price of admission to see this alone. If single men would make it a practice to visit the Museum, there would be very few bachelors. The sight of these happy, joyous, innocent darlings would induce many a person to offer his heart and hand to some angel in crinoline. Sam must have a look at the Cosmoramas before he goes away, and even the baby gazes through the magnifying glasses, and poking its chubby fist into the corner of its little eye, wonders what it is all about. The fairy romance of the "Ring of Fate" is also an excellent piece for the children to see. Here they will find all the bright dreams and vivid creations of a youthful fancy. The sprites and demons of which they have often read are here endowed with life and action. Fairies are as innumerable as the desert sands. The bad are punished and the good are rewarded, and everything is done to "point a moral and adorn a tale." Truly, Barnum's Museum is the place for the children, and kind, indulgent parents should at once take them there.

THE HIPPODROME is undoubtedly one of the most popular places of amusement in the city. Every evening the seats are well occupied, with fun and good humor seem to be the order of the night. The performances are of a highly moral character, and nothing is allowed which would bring a blush to a beauty's cheek. Clowns, in some instances, are apt to be broad and vulgar, but here we find only the refinement of wit. The "Grand Drawing Room Act" of Le Petit Giorga and Francois Siegrist is always received with thunders of applause. Mr. R. Stickney, in his "Somersault Act," is truly wonderful, and should be seen by all, both young and old. Madame Tourniaire still continues to captivate the men by her graceful poses, and to astonish the ladies with her perfect knowledge of horseflesh. The chief object of attraction, however, at the present moment, is the Christmas pantomime of "Harlequin Bluebeard, or The Good Fairy Preciosa, and the Bad Demon Rustifasti." A large amount of money has been expended upon the production of this piece. The costumes are splendid, and many of the masks are so strange and comical that a smile will show itself whether we want it to do so or no. One man, who sat immediately behind us, went into convulsions on beholding the procession of Fatima and Bluebeard, and did not stop laughing for fifteen minutes. Mr. Austin made an excellent Abomelique, commonly called "Blue Beard," and introduces a capital song, which he sings with much spirit and humor. He is afterwards transformed into a clown, and, together with Mr. Siegrist as Pantaloon, creates a great deal of fun and amusement. The dialogue of the introductory portion of the pantomime is well written, and the author, whoever he may be, has reason to feel proud of this creation of his fancy. The dresses of the demons are superb, and the novel manner in which these devils obtain a light should be witnessed by all. Then, to add to all the other features of the pantomime, there is a very pretty Columbine. Surely no one can be handsomer than Marietta Zanfretta. How her eyes sparkle, how the crimson blushes mantle her cheeks, how nimbly she moves along in the mystic mazes of the dance, how—but go and see for yourselves. Last, but not least, we have an excellent ring performer with the high sounding name of Sig. Taurus. The ancestors of this strange being have appeared before the grandees of Spain on many occasions, and even at the present day, the citizens of Madrid have a peculiar regard for the relations of Sig. Taurus. His services have "been secured at an incredible expense," and his rendition of a mad bull is second only to the real article. The tricks, magical changes, and transformations are well arranged, and we advise every one to pay an early visit to the Hippodrome.

THE FUNERAL of the late Jas. W. Wallack took place on Tuesday, Dec. 27th, in a very private manner, but few persons outside of the family being present. The remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

A FUNNY TRIPLE called the "Live Indian" was produced by John Owens, at the Broadway Theatre, on the 26th ult. The house was crowded almost to suffocation, while shouts of laughter well nigh "raised the roof." The "Indian" piece is said to have been written by Mr. Owens; if so, it shows that he has a keen perception of the ludicrous. It is a one character farce, affording free scope for the peculiar style of Mr. Owens, and just what will please amusement seekers in a season of holidays. Mr. O. was capital as Miss Crinoline, the dressmaker, and as a live Indian he was immense. The same attractive programme is offered this week, including Solon Shingle and his celebrated "borril of apple sass" case.

THE VARIETIES, in the Bowery, under the able management of Mr. George Lee, is an excellent place to spend a pleasant evening, for, as the name implies, almost every description of amusement is here given. The Varieties is not like the halls of other days; it is a regular theatre, where regular actors and actresses of ability contribute to the amusement of old and young. Phases of negro life, comic singing, jig dancing, pantomimes, are neither the half nor quarter of what is to be seen and heard there. The visitor has scarcely listened to the warblings of a popular ballad before he is charmed with the dancing of some fairy-like being. As long as the people are willing to attend, the manager will give them novelty after novelty. Mr. Lee deserves praise for gathering together such a good company.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, after being closed on the 26th and 27th, re-opened—somewhat hasty, under the circumstances, we think—on the 28th, the day following the funeral of its late manager. Lester Wallack appears on the 3d, when, as a compliment to the new manager, the various managers will attend the theatre in a body.

THE BENEFIT OF MADAME HOYM took place at the Stadt Theatre on Wednesday evening of last week. This lady is a highly accomplished and thorough artiste, and whatever character she assumes becomes in her hands a model for some to go by. A very interesting and instructive play entitled "Montjoy," which has been for a long time in preparation, was produced on that occasion. This piece has met with a decided success in Paris, and also in many of the principal cities of Germany. "Montjoy" is a representation of human nature. We have before us the world as it is, without disguise or embellishment. Each character, which has been clearly and distinctly drawn, is life-like. Sayings, bitter but nevertheless truthful, abound throughout the dialogue, and the plot is deeply interesting. Give us a play which shows what we really are—which displays all our faults and peculiarities. This, Octave Feuillet, the author of "Montjoy," has succeeded in doing. We can detect no flaw in the piece. It is, however, a little too long, for on Wednesday evening it was almost twelve o'clock before the curtain descended on the last act. The French delight in lengthy pieces, but the Germans, as far as we can understand, would rather have something short and sweet. The first and second acts of "Montjoy" are taken up in explaining what is about to come; the third act is the best, and the fourth and fifth are decidedly "Frenchy." Madame Hoym, who assumed the role of Henriette, was frequently applauded, but we regret to state that the house was not as well filled as it ought to have been. Probably the uncertainty of the weather had something to do with this, but *nil desperandum*, Madame Hoym, is a very good motto. We wish you better luck the next time. The rest of the company acted with their usual skill and ability.

THOSE TWO POPULAR PERFORMERS, Miss Annie St. Clair, the graceful danseuse and cantatrice, and Johnny Rivers, the eccentric jiggist, and who does the "giraffe dance" in the most laughable manner possible, have become great features at Campbell's Minstrels in the Bowery. Go and see 'em.

MRS. EMMA FORREST sails this week for Matamoras with a variety company.

"THE SHAMROCK," written expressly for Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, was to be produced for the first time on the 3d inst., at Niblo's Garden, in magnificent style, with new music, scenery, mechanical effects, etc. Mr. Williams appears as Pat Malloy, and Mrs. W. as Maggie.

MRS. WOOD continues her great success of "The Streets of New York," at her charming Olympic Theatre. This drama, one of Boucicault's sensations, may be set down among the successes of the season. Owing to the popularity of "The Streets of New York," the new fairy pantomime is deferred for the present. This spectacle will abound with novel effects, scenic splendor, and pretty girls.

FRANK BROWER, the great delineator of Negro character, has returned to Wood's Minstrels. He is a valuable acquisition to the troupe. Among the good things on the programme this week are "Hamlet," "Happy Uncle Tom," "Secession Soother," "I'd Choose to be a Baby," etc. Great times at Wood's this week.

JOHN CARROLL, clog and boot dancer, lately arrived here, can be secured by managers for either long or short engagements. He also offers to dance against any one for $1000. Messrs. Connor & Lee are his agents, and their card may be found in another column.

MANAGER FOX gives a regular holiday bill at the Old Bowery Theatre, for New Year's week. Variety and plenty of it is his motto—drama, spectacle, pantomime and farce comprise the bill.

LEO HUDSON, the dashing Mazeppa, commenced an engagement at the New Bowery on the 2d inst., in the presence of an immense house. When Leo Hudson was at this house a season or two ago, she became a favorite almost immediately, although a stranger to the dramatic stage of New York. From the manner in which she was received on Monday evening, we conclude that she will repeat her former great success during her present engagement.

KATE PENNOYER, the dancer, one of the attractions at Heller's *Salle Diabolique*, contributes greatly to the interest of the holiday performances given by the great man of magic.

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS are coming in for a share of the New Year calls, their beautiful hall being well attended during our season of festivities. This week an extra bill of attractions is offered.

Dramatic.

PHILADELPHIA was never "within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant" so lively as at present, and particularly so in the theatrical world. One of the CLIPPER crew who was in that city last week indites the following mems. The Arch Street Theatre claims my first attention, because it is the leading place of amusement of the Quaker City. Aside from being one of the handsomest and best constructed temples devoted to Thalia and Melpomene in this country, it has one of the very best stock companies organized. John S. Clarke was the star last week, but certainly did not attract such crowds as was his wont. Years ago, when he in company with William Wheatley, was managing the affairs of the old Arch, his name was a tower of strength; in fact, he was one of the greatest favorites that theatre ever had. I now find him playing to anything but crowded houses. What can be the cause of this? He certainly is as good, if not a better actor to-day, than he was then. The fact is, the audiences that now patronize the Arch are entirely different from what they were in "our day." Those who applauded him then to the skies have gone down to the Walnut, and it is there that Mr. Clarke should appear. For certainly, his last engagement at the Walnut was a great deal more remunerative than will be his present one at the Arch. His terms at the Arch are one half of the receipts three nights each week. This is probably the reason that he shook the Walnut. That Mr. Clarke's engagement has not proved what was anticipated, I can prove simply by stating that he was secured for nine weeks, and he closes this (the sixth) week. Mr. Stuart Robson is a great favorite at this house, and is withal a very clever actor. It is his intention of going on a starring tour next season. There will be a complete revolution at the Arch next season. Already has it commenced to burst forth, and lamentations, loud and deep, are uttered by the fair manageress, the business manager, and the stage manager. Messrs. John S. Clarke and Edwin Booth are lessees of the Walnut next season; and Mr. W. S. Fredericks, the present stage manager of the Arch, has been selected as the acting manager, and whose name will head the bills as lessee and manager. Of course he will get together a good company, and as a natural consequence is securing all the best people of the Arch to go along with him. The best of harmony does not exist between the performers and those "who have the most to say," and therefore, the best part of the company go to the Walnut without much coaxing.....The Academy comes next. There Edwin Forrest, the pride of the American stage, has been performing, under the management of John T. Ford, of the Baltimore and Washington Theatres. Mr. F. is under articles to Ford for a lengthy engagement to be played whenever Mr. Ford chooses. Mr. Forrest's benefit, on the 30th of December, was a grand affair.....George Hood, the janitor of the Academy, took his annual benefit at that establishment on the 28th of December. At the Chestnut, the spectacle of "Aladdin" was performed four nights last week. Kate Pennoyer was expressly engaged to lead off with the *corps de ballet* Miss Effie Germon appeared as Aladdin. She dresses the character very well, and is a *great* favorite in that city. On Friday evening, Dec. 30th, I attended this theatre expressly to witness the *debut* of Miss Annie D'Arcy, in the character of Julia, in the "Hunchback," it being that lady's first appearance on any stage. Miss D'Arcy is an English lady, and has for some time past been a resident of Philadelphia, where she has been studying for the stage. She is very highly connected, and is the fortunate possessor of a large share of Uncle Sam's greenbacks. After considerable trouble in preparing herself for the stage, she looked around for a theatre, and finally obtained the New Chestnut, for which she paid the sum of $4300, for the privilege of playing there on Friday and Saturday evenings, she taking, of course, whatever came into the house. The night for her *debut* arrived, and so did the *debutante*. The lady wants almost every requisite for a first-rate actress. She wants a healthful, natural method of speaking—she wants a knowledge of the proper method of pronouncing the words of the English language. A determined opposition to the use of the letter H renders her delivery highly amusing, but not instructive. Nearly every word commencing with that letter approached her like a spectre. Her movements are angular, and her arms are thrown about in a manner which rather excites mirth than elicits admiration. She wants mobility of countenance, and power of showing, by her features, that her heart has any sympathy with the distresses of which her tongue speaks. She wants a knowledge of by-play, and gives no attention to the cunning of the scene when others are occupied in the dialogue. She wants a proper *physique*, and, failing in power, her endeavors to delineate passion are abortive. In fact she has nothing in voice, figure, action or delivery to warrant her in taking such a bold step up the histrionic ladder, with one jump to the topmost round. If she has dramatic talent, it is yet concealed. If she is ambitious to become great on the stage, let her dismount that ladder, and work her way up by degrees, like others. One requisite she does possess for the stage, and that is a *will* to succeed. It has always been my object to be as lenient to lady *debutantes* as possible, and make every allowance for timidity and the nervousness of a first appearance, but there are certain rules by which the merits of an aspirant for histrionic honors are to be judged, and if I destroy these rules, and let my feelings sway the pen, criticism not only ceases to exist, but resolves itself at once into mere puffery. Mordaunt, as Master Walter, was very good. It is one of his best characters. Mr H. S Murdoch deserves great praise for his performance of Clifford. It was his first attempt, and being altogether out of his line, he deserves especial mention for doing it as well as he did. I cannot say that I was pleased with the Helen of Miss Annie Ward. It was rather a tame performance, taken as a whole. The Warren Combination is the attraction this week at the Chestnut.....The late Flood benefit at this house was a great success. The sum of $825 70 was handed Mr. Flood. He is at present pretty low with consumption, and will never perform on the stage again.....At the Walnut, Lucille Western has been the attraction the past seven weeks, and the present is the eighth and last week of this lady. She has attracted immense houses, "East Lynne" bringing the largest crowds. On the 7th inst. she appears at the Academy in the afternoon in "East Lynne," supported by the company from the Walnut.....The Wallack Davenport Combination opens at the Walnut on the 9th inst. Rose Eytinge joins the party there. With the exception of one or two people, the company at the Walnut is about the poorest I ever saw in a second class theatre in this country. Mrs. Garretson's lease of this theatre will close about the last of May next. The theatre will then be gutted, and a first class place of amusement erected and opened about the 30th of September.....Mrs. Charles Warner's Circus at the Continental is decidedly one of the best organized troupes ever brought together in this country. The performers are all first class, and the establishment is doing a splendid business. This place was to have changed hands next week, Mrs. Warner having sold out to Melville, Bronson, Frank Rosston and Don Stone, for $45,000, but the parties not coming to time with the needful, the sale fell through, and Mrs. Warner continues on.....I tried to get in to see Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, but on arriving at the door found that that was as far as I could get, the hall being packed to suffocation.....Moran's Minstrels were playing in the large saloon of Concert Hall last week and I did get a sight at them. The company is a most excellent one, and they give a capital show, but they cannot attract a large crowd to see them. Frank Moran takes a benefit on January 7th.....S. S. Sanford has fitted up the old Olympic, in Race street, below Third, in good style, and it now looks very clean and neat. He has got a good minstrel company performing there. Cinderella was the afterpiece last week. On Monday, Jan. 2d, Mr. Sanford was to give a morning performance to the poor who are unable to pay to have a little amusement. Immediately after this performance he advertises to give away two thousand loaves of hot bread, which is his custom every New Year's Day. If Sanford does not deserve success, then who does?.....Pattie Stewart has taken three cellars on Chestnut street, above Sixth, knocked them into one, and opened a Concert Saloon but he is not doing much.....At Long's Varieties, on South Third street, I saw a real curiosity—a calf with a negro's head.....Miss Jean M. Davenport is at present in that city. She will shortly re-appear on the stage at Niblo's.....Mr. Robert Craig, of the Arch Street Theatre, has written a burlesque of "King Lear," for Stuart Robson, who will play it shortly for his benefit at the Arch.....Lew Simmons has become a great favorite at Carncross & Dixey's Minstrel Hall. He is said to be immense on the "end," also in his banjo solos.

THE METROPOLITAN, Indianapolis, has been doing a heavy business, with Mr. Proctor as the star, the house being crowded nightly.....Our correspondent, "Bontaile," under date of Dec. 26th, says: "Quite a stir has been created among the amusement people here, occasioned by the advent of Mr. Frank S. Chanfrau, one of our old favorites, who commenced an engagement on Monday evening, the 26th inst. "Our American Cousin at Home" was the bill, and it was such a great success that it had to be repeated on the following night. Mr. Chanfrau's mode of personating the characters he represented elicited unbounded merriment, and gained for him a brilliant reputation. Mr. Rand's Asa Trenchard was rather a poor affair. Miss Cushman, as Susie Trenchard, contributed greatly to the success of the piece, notwithstanding she had a severe cold. This evening's programme is "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," with the following cast of characters: Robert Brierly (Mr. F. Chanfrau), Jack Hawkshaw (Mr. L. F. Rand), Melton Moss (Mr. Hight), James Dalton (Mr. E. B. Richards), Green Jones (Mr. F. G. White), Mr. Gibson (Mr. Harry Rivers), Mrs. Willoughby (Mrs. N. Moore). May Edwards (Miss Emma Cushman), and Emily St. Evremond (Mrs. J. A. Hodges). Mr. Chanfrau has sacrificed Friday night of this week, to enable Grover's Opera Troupe to give us one night of opera. They will perform 'Martha,' and, on Saturday afternoon, a matinee, on which occasion 'Faust' will be performed. If is expected that the capacity of the Metropolitan will be put to its test. Mr. Chanfrau will resume his position as star, on Saturday evening."

THINGS THEATRICAL, ministerial and otherwisical, are thus noticed by our correspondent, S. Corbyn, under date of San Francisco, Dec. 2d, 1864:—

Debut of Fanny Brown.—Since my last, the great feature in the world of amusement has been the first appearance in this country of Miss Fanny Brown. She made her bow on Monday evening last at Maguire's Opera House, as Po-co-hon-tas and Bob Nettles, and although a little nervous, she created quite a favorable impression, which has now (her fifth night), resulted in a great triumph. Her next piece will be the "Invisible Prince." In speaking of "Po-ca-hon-tas," Mr. Woodhull deserves especial mention for the admirable manner in which he played Powhattan, and Mrs. Saunders as the Schoolmarm, was inimitable; in fact, too much praise cannot be given to the entire company for their united effort to make the burlesque a success.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean closed a very prosperous engagement at Maguire's Opera House on the 26th ult., and have gone to Victoria, where all the seats have been sold in advance for their nights; they will then return here, play a farewell, and sail for New York, where they expect to arrive in April next.

Ben Cotton is now busily employed selling out previous to his sailing on the 12th for New York—he is obliged to leave this country and *five hundred dollars per month in gold*, because he was simple enough to think his popularity would win a law suit. Report says that Joe Murphy—a fellow sufferer with Honest Ben—will sail on the next steamer, so managers and performers in the burnt cork profession be prepared to receive these two chief wranglers.

The American Theatre, after many vicissitudes, is about to succumb to the hard times, the principal performer being about to leave this country.

The Worrel Family have leased the Old Melodeon, and expect to open about the 1st of January. I believe that the Old Man will find that it will be necessary for him to secure the services of Jennie Lamopt, or some other lady with her ability and popularity, if he wishes his enterprise to be successful.

The Eureka Minstrel Hall is doing well, Birch, Backus and Wambold being the chiefs. I think I told you in my last that Abecco had left for Australia, but then I did not know that he had been playing the gay Lothario. It appears that by his blandishments he induced the daughter of one of our Judges to elope with him, but fortunately her father, who pursued the erring child in a steamer, recovered and brought her back to this city, leaving the seducer to make the voyage to Australia alone, a sadder and I hope a wiser man; he leaves a wife and two interesting children in this city, destitute. He should be driven without the pale of civilization.

Harry Courtain has just returned to this city, looking magnif.

Julia Dean Hayne is in Oregon, having just concluded a most successful season in Boise.

The Blaisdell Bell Ringers will open at Maguire's Academy of Music on Monday next.

Mrs. George Chapman recently took a benefit at Maguire's Opera House, Virginia City.

Mme. Marie Durel and Mr. LeRoy have gone to China.

Miss Fanny Wernham is in Honolulu.

At the Metropolitan Theatre, after a run of eleven nights, to good business, the "Siege of Troy" was taken off the bills, and the sensation drama of the "Poor Girl" substituted. It is a very good piece, well acted, but thus far has failed to draw.

To-night, Manhattan Engine Co. No. 9 take a benefit at Maguire's Opera House. Fanny Brown volunteers.

Bert's New Idea, since the engagement of the Carlo Pantomime Troupe, is going on swimmingly.

THE MENKEN has closed her engagement in London. Her success has been most brilliant and unparalleled, Astley's Theatre having been crowded nightly with most fashionable audiences to witness Miss Menken's "classical acting" and "wonderful feats of equestrianism," in her "great impersonation of Mazeppa." Among the numerous distinguished visitors who have honored the lady's performance with their presence at Astley's Royal Theatre, we can mention the following: His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Earl of Chesterfield, Baron Beckfus, the Counters of Wilton, Sir Henry de Vœux, Lord Abercorn, Lord Chelsea, Lord Proby, the Hon. Mr. Vesey, Lord Bateman, Lord Uxbridge, Lord Ernest Bruce, Marquis Cadore, Count Wimpffen, the Duke of Hamilton, &c.

ing of "Macduff," there were no other parts in the tragedy calling for special remarks.

VARNEY'S COMPANY gave two dramatic entertainments in Decatur, Illinois, on Dec. 26th and 27th, at the Springfield Theatre, where they are now, having been let for those two nights.

"THE NAIAD QUEEN," AT THE PARK THEATRE, drew crowds of Brooklynites from their homes last week, and the patronage bestowed on the theatre was well deserved, the spectacle being capitally presented throughout. Liberal outlays in these matters is not only the truest economy, but the best policy to ensure success. The scenery is very good, and the appointments fully up to the mark of more pretentious efforts which have been made in the metropolis. Mrs. Conway is charmingly attractive as the Naiad Queen, and Miss King finds a field for her sportiveness more extensive than she has previously had. The *corps de ballet* are good-looking, and drill admirably in the military scene. Mons. Henri and M'lle. Kruger perform their parts artistically throughout, and the "courtly Conway" does the Fearnaught in his usual effective manner. The music is of course good. The piece is on for another week.

Music Halls.

SIX DANSEUSES and one vocalist are wanted by Manager Joe Miller, for Sanford's Opera House, Harrisburg, Pa. Address immediately, as per advertisement in another column.

JOE MILLER, late business manager at the Canterbury, Harrisburg, Pa., has leased Sanford's for the season, and opened on the 19th ult., with the following talent: Jimmy Quinn, Andy Williams, Billy Burr, F. A. Bardell, John Carroll, Matt Wheeler, John Miller, Joe Miller, Geo. Melone and Master Thomas.

AT THE CANTERBURY, Harrisburg, Pa., the following-named people are performing: Clara Williams, Viola Howard, Jim Flake, Ned Haven and Joe Ditman. Mollie Newton, we are informed, finished her engagement on the 24th ult.

J. S. BERRY and Miss Louise Evans, the comic vocalists recently from New Orleans and Memphis, are now engaged at the Varieties, Cairo, Ill., of which the former is stage manager. The talent now performing there consists of Miss Louise Evans, Rose La Forrest, Mary Warren, Mrs. J. R. Berry, La Petite Alice, Alice St. Clair, Kate M'Cullum, Dan Griffith, John Biggs, J. Sherwood, Masters Eddy and Willie, and Happy Jack.

THE VARIETIES, Chicago, has been doing a splendid business, with Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Blake, M'lle Augusta, Mr. Tom Riggs, and Miss Marsh as the principal attractions.

EMMA GARDNER was presented, on Wednesday, Dec. 28th, with a diamond ring costing $1500, by a rich oil merchant, who visits the Casino, Philadelphia, and who has been captivated by her graceful dancing.

BUSINESS DURING THE HOLIDAYS has been pretty brisk in Washington, the theatres being well filled. Considerable patronage was also bestowed on the two music halls, the Oxford and Canterbury, where the public can amuse themselves to their heart's content. Kathleen O'Neil is playing the pleasing little sketch of "Jenny Lind" at the Oxford, in which she sings the new song, by Dick O'Neil, entitled "Silver and Gold." She was loudly applauded at the end of each verse. M'lle Marzetti pleases very much by her beautiful and graceful dancing. Tim Hayes, Hughey Dougherty, Denny Gallagher, Barry Carter, and Kate Harrison are also in great favor ..... At the Canterbury, Tony Pastor concluded his engagement on Saturday, Dec. 31st. Tony was up for a ben. on Friday last, which no doubt was a good one, as he is a great favorite in Washington. M'lle Desiree and Mons. Mathieu, the two great dancers, are still at this establishment, and Mr. George Lea can congratulate himself on having a very fine company.

THE CANTERBURY, Baltimore, is having an immense run of business. They have an excellent company there, among whom are Bob Butler and wife, W. Wray, J. Ward, J. Harris, Lucy Clifton, Frances Gardner, etc. Jake Budd is stage manager of this lively team. Tom Cooney and his dogs appear there on Monday, Jan. 2.

THE CASINO, Philadelphia, has been fairly jammed during the Christmas Holidays, the receipts on Monday, Dec. 26th, amounting to over $1000, there being two performances given. James Pilgrim's pantomime, "Jack and the Beanstalk," has been a great success, and has added largely to the treasury. It is well placed upon the stage, the tricks, leaps, and mechanical effects being done without mistakes, consequently it will remain on the bills for some time ..... Bob Butler and Amelia Wells are engaged to appear on Monday, January 16th.

FRED AIMS' MELODEON, Pittsburgh, Pa., is, we are pleased to learn, doing a flourishing business. The company is first class, and under the stage management of W. Beaumont During, the attractive programmes nightly presented are enacted in the most acceptable manner possible. In addition to the popular performers now there, the management proposes to add to their numbers and talent by engaging others, including stars. See advertisement of Melodeon in another column.

IN A RECENT ISSUE of the CLIPPER, in a notice of the Canterbury, Baltimore, mention was made that W. A. Wray, one of the performers, indulged in personalities on the stage, etc. We take an early opportunity to say that no doubt those personalities were called for, and were deserved by the party for whom they were intended. Mr. Wray sends us conclusive proof that a correspondent, "Florence," is in the habit of seeking favors at the hands of performers, in consideration of giving them notices. Mr. Wray has taken the proper course to expose this sort of business, and we shall feel greatly obliged if all performers who are cognizant of favors being solicited by correspondents for a similar "consideration," will let us have the facts. Here is a copy of a letter sent to Miss Kitty Phyffe. It tells its own story:

SIMONS' HOTEL, Dec. 3d, '64.

"MISS KITTY PHYFFE—You wish a notice made of you, and still refuse me an interview. Until the above answer can be received from you, I am not willing to give you a notice, so you can make your mind up on that.

FLORENCE,
"Washington Correspondent of NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"P. S.—I have spent many pleasant evenings in your native city, Mobile, Alabama."

We wish no more correspondance from "Florence." We abhor all such dirty business, and take this occasion to say that no correspondent on this paper has a right to solicit favors from performers in consideration of being noticed in the CLIPPER. When any performer is so solicited, he or she may set that correspondent down for a fraud. We thank Mr. Wray for putting us on the track of such parties.

FITZ SIMMONS, a go-ahead, energetic gentleman, has been engaged by Robert Gardiner as stage manager and business agent for the Melodeon, Baltimore. Mr. Fitz Simmons was engaged at one of the Washington Halls last season, and created quite a sensation by producing a number of fresh, original sketches, which he had written expressly for that latitude. He is a useful man, either as performer or manager, and we trust Mr. Gardiner may profit by securing him for his establishment.

JAMES MAGUIRE, the popular Irish vocalist, makes known in an advertisement in another column, his desire to negotiate for engagements.

MESSRS. WELLS AND CHURCH, who have for some time been proprietors of Sanford's Opera House, Harrisburg, Pa., have closed, the Churchman, it is said, taking charge of the receipts, and no one knows where he has gone. The performers are on the anxious bench in the mean time. "Oh, where, and oh, where, is the money taker gone?"

THE VARIETIES, Detroit, is still moving. Geo. B. Edeson, the new stage manager, has been making a few changes, which are said to be for the better. Last week the Pantomime of "The Golden Axe" was played to good houses. M'lle Louise, the Drummer Girl, is still as great a favorite as ever. Fernando Fleury, Pete Lee, E. C. Buel, and Frank Wood are there. This week the Pantomime of "The Magic Barrel" will be presented.

MARIETTA RAVEL, who has just closed an engagement at the New Bowery, will appear at the Varieties, Chicago, on the 9th of January. Marietta walks the rope just as easy as Sherman walked into Savannah. It is probable that we may, at no distant day, see this "walking lady" walk in another line of business, something of a dramatic character. She has youth and beauty on her side, and ought to succeed.

THE MELODEON, Baltimore, has been doing good business for the past week. "Cudjo's Cave" was produced, and drew immensely. Ben. Peeler, the Irish comic singer; and Mast. Morrissey, clog dancer, are great favorites, and made hosts of friends during their sojourn there by their gentlemanly deportment. On Monday, Jan. 2d, will be produced the great $500 prize drama, entitled "The Belle of Baltimore," in two acts, from the altar to the dissecting table, with views of the public buildings in Baltimore. The whole under the immediate direction of Fitzsimmons, author, and stage-manager of the establishment.

MR. W. C. SMITHE has leased Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, and opened on the 26th ult., with all the old favorites, but promised new ones in a few days.

FRED. AIMS' MELODEON, Pittsburgh, is flourishing like a "green bay horse." Among the principal acts last week were the "Fisherman's Luck," "Middy Ashore," "La Mazzolini," "Waiting for a Verdict," "Double Clog Dance," "Colored Volunteer," "The Young Scamp," "Jem and Jack Rag," "Bellows Solo," "Zouave Johnny and his Vivandiere," with "Lanergan's Ball" for the afterpiece. Johnny Mack and Little Mac had taken a benefit, when Little Mac appeared in his great character of "Jocko, the Brazilian Ape."

THE ATTENTION of J. W. McAndrews is called to the card of Messrs. Conner & Lea.

Negro Minstrelsy.

DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS gave two of their pleasing concerts at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., on the 23d and 24th ult., of which the press of that city speaks in the highest terms of commendation.

CHARLEY BACKUS' talent as an imitator of prominent actors has received the most complimentary endorsement from Mr. C. Kean, as will be discovered by reading the annexed, from the *San Francisco Evening Bulletin* of Dec. 1st:—"Every one who has heard Charley Backus' imitation of Chas. Kean, has been struck with the remarkable similarity of voice, intonation and gesture of the original and the imitation. Backus on a late occasion was giving his imitation of Kean's performance in 'Hamlet,' when that gentleman happened to be in the theatre, and was himself struck with its accuracy. He subsequently invited Backus to his rooms, at the Occidental Hotel, and telling him that as he (Backus) made the imitation a specialty, he might as well do it correctly, on the principle that 'what was worth doing at all, is worth doing well.' He then rehearsed to Backus the scene between Hamlet and the Ghost, explaining each intonation, gesture and modulation of voice, Backus repeating the text after his teacher, until, with the instructions given, the imitation is so like the original, that it is but necessary for the hearer to shut his eyes to make the illusion complete. Those who are amused at the imitation given by the minstrel are under obligations to the renowned actor for his courtesy.

DUPREZ & GREEN'S Minstrels are billed ahead as follows:—Saratoga 7th, Troy four days, commencing on the 9th, and Albany 13th, 14th and 16th.

SKIFF & GAYLORD'S Minstrels gave a performance at Springfield, Mass., on Dec. 24th, for the benefit of the soldiers' fund. The route ahead for this party is as follows: Jan. 3d, Holyoke, Mass.; 4th, Northampton; 5th, Greenfield; 6th, Westfield; and 7th, Pittsfield.

AN AMATEUR MINSTREL Company gave a performance on Dec. 23d, at Andrus Hall, Havana, Ill. They were assisted by Frank Weston, late of Campbell's Minstrels.

MR. FRANK WESTON, formerly connected with Campbell's Minstrels, has left the business and is at present at Havana, Ill., practising medicine.

PEGGED OUT at Cumberland, Md., Dec. 24th, '64, after a long and severe season of bad management, Sanderson's Minstrels. One of em writes as follows: "Behold the martyrs of misplaced confidence, Berger, Gray, Williams, Hall, Edwards, Gosden, Britner, Kribben and Howard, wounded in spirit away from our homes, broke among strangers, uncared for, unknown, even the boss, that occasionally tipped, has left us to settle our bills while he shook the boys."

DAN SHELBY is giving his stump speech at the Metropolitan Theatre, Elmira, N. Y., where Frank Phelp's dramatic company is performing.

SKIFF & GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS commence the siege of Troy, N. Y., this week.

DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS were in Syracuse on the three closing nights of the old year. They commence the new year at Mansard Hall, Oswego, on the 2d inst.

SIGNOR ABECCO, the harpist of the San Francisco Minstrels, took sudden leave of Frisco on the Osprey, for Australia, with a female, whose beguiling arts won him from his family. It is said that Abecco sent his wife and two children up into the mountains some time since, and has now abandoned them to the vicissitudes of a life of toil and sorrow. They were expected to arrive in San Francisco on the 21st of November.

THE PATIENTS OF EMORY HOSPITAL, Washington, D. C., together with a large company of visitors, were entertained on the evenings of the 26th and 27th ult., by a band of minstrels consisting of J. C. Armstrong, C. E. Rector, J. G. Perkins, A. V. King, Diefendorf, O. Berdan, Fred. Turner, Mons. Spanier, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Burroughs, whose music was highly appreciated by all present.

THE LEON & KELLY MINSTREL TROUPE continue to be popular in Chicago. "Cinderella" was the leading feature of the entertainment last week.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS opened to a crowded house in Smith & Nixon's new hall, Chicago. They intend to stay two weeks. Sergeant Childers, who performed some feats in musket drill, is said to have "skedaddled" from the company on Tuesday, when he heard that Major De Witt had accepted the $1000 challenge.

SKIFF AND GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS were to perform in Troy, N. Y., on the 4th, 5th and 6th inst.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, in Brooklyn, have nothing to do with that crazy case over there, but they do have something to do with keeping people from going crazy, by giving them rational amusement. During the holidays, Hooley has been giving away loads of toys to the little ones and their parents who crowded his hall. There are a few more left of the same sort.

Circuses.

ORRIN & SEBASTIAN'S CIRCUS left Kingston, for St. Thomas, on Christmas day. They gave fifteen performances at Kingston, the business at first being immense, but not so latterly, owing to the races then going on, which races, by the bye, were a sort of monkey races, the jockeys being all young gentlemen from Africa. George W. Orrin, Jr., had appeared in the great Zampillaerostation act. The local papers speak highly of the performance, pronouncing it most wonderful and successful, drawing down deafening applause, and eliciting a call for the daring performer after the termination of the act. Letters for the Orrin & Sebastian Circus Company will reach them if addressed to St. Thomas, D. W.

LEVI J. NORTH, the well-known circus manager, advertises in this week's CLIPPER for a good band and a head canvass man. Parties should address as per advertisement above referred to.

DAN RICE'S SHOW was in Court last week, at Worcester, Mass. The facts of the case are these. When Dan Rice's Show was performing at Webster, Mass., on August 20th, 1864, Dan Rice, assisted by his canvas-men, ejected from the tent one Freeman Rosebrooks. It had been raining during the day, and the plank-seats being wet and muddy, Rosebrooks refused to be seated on them when ordered to do so by one of the *attaches*. Dan Rice was then called, and Rosebrooks was "ushered" out of the tent, and, it is said, badly injured. Rosebrooks sued the concern for $2,000 damages. Rice being a salaried man only, and the concern being owned by Dr. Spaulding, that gentleman's son attended the Court for the company. The jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiff, giving him $991, together with costs.

SPALDING & ROGERS' OCEAN CIRCUS have been doing a good business in Havana. Company all well. Charley Parker is with the troupe. DeLave and Duverney arrived out on the 22d ult., and were to perform on the following Sunday.

Miscellaneous.

THE PEAK FAMILY OF BELL RINGERS rang the new year in at Syracuse on the 2d inst.

THE OLD FOLKS' ENTERTAINMENTS were pretty well attended last week, in Troy.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL AND CELESTIAL TROUPE opened in Oswego, N. Y., on the 28th Dec., for two nights. This is no one horse shay.

HENRY CORBYN has been convicted, in the County Court, San Francisco, Cal., of an assault with a deadly weapon, with intent to do bodily harm. He was to have been sentenced on the 26th of November. Corbyn was a watchman at the New Idea, and the person insulted was a member of the company engaged there. Several of them were engaged in a rough sort of "last tag" amusement, when Corbyn struck a dagger into one of them, which nearly caused his death.

WHISTON ON THE HUDSON.—Although the waters of this beautiful river have been frozen over, Whiston, the Polyphonist and delineator of eccentric characters, has broken the ice in the hearts of the residents along its banks, and filled them with joy and gladness wherever he has opened his budget of comicalities. He was at Poughkeepsie on Christmas Eve, where Mr. Farrington, the proprietor of Pine's Hall, declared "he was the most comic genius that ever entered his hall," and was very desirous to know "where such a curious mortal was raised." On the 26th he was at Newburgh, where Christmas was made doubly merry by his presence. The balance of the week was passed in towns along the river. Mr. Palmer, his partner, adds greatly to the success of the exhibition by conducting admirably the out-door business. Harry Butler notifies the cities in such a manner that the people know when "Whisten is Coming." He was at Bridgeport, Conn., Jan. 2d.

FALLON'S STEREOPTICON occupied Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., last week ..... A. B. Morrison opens with the Miltonic Tableaux on the 9th inst., for two weeks, to be followed by Josh Billings ..... The present engagements of the Corinthian Hall run to Feb. 3d.

CORINTHIAN HALL, Rochester, N. Y., advertised as to let for concerts, lectures, etc., in another column, is almost continually occupied by some one or other of our first class shows. Managers who intend paying Rochester a visit should see to it that they secure it for the nights they wish, otherwise they might be left out in the cold.

THE GREAT PARISIAN EXHIBITION of Oriental Life and Costumes, known as the "Ethno-Soterian," opened at Odd Fellows Hall, Reading, Pa., and continues through the week, closing on the 31st, and opening at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, on the 10th of January, for a short season.

FALLON'S STEREOPTICON commenced to exhibit at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., on the 26th ult., and was to continue there for six nights.

J. BOWMAN, who, from the diction of his advertisement, we should take to be a classical individual, claims to have unusual abilities as a bill distributor, advertiser, etc. Parties having such a vacancy should make a note of his advertisement.

BANJO PLAYING and Jig-Dancing are decidedly popular accomplishments, and those wishing to learn should make a note of Prof. John Bogan's advertisement in another column.

THE ELLINGER & FOOTE COMBINATION closed their season at Grant's Hall, Harrisburg, on Dec. 26th, and, notwithstanding the counter attractions of sleighing and skating, did a good business. They were to put in the rest of the month at Lancaster, Pa., and then go to Pittsburgh, opening there on Jan. 16th, for one week. W. B. Harrison, the *impromptu* poet, was to join them on January 1st.

BURNELL AND PRESCOTT'S Museum and Zoological Institute is one of the attractions of St. Louis. The Albino Family, Miss Kate Keithley, the fat woman, and Prof. Maras, the glass-blower, together with a den of boa constrictors and anacondas, and a collections of wax figures, go to make up a Happy Family. A remarkable birth took place last week. A female anaconda gave birth to thirty-three young ones measuring from eighteen to twenty-eight inches in length. The mother of this suddenly acquired and numerous family is a well-conditioned reptile of some thirteen feet in length, and five years old. She was purchased by the proprietors of the museum, with five others of various sizes, expressly for exhibition at this establishment, where she has exhibited her prolific qualities; but we are assured that her great value was not appreciated by her owners until this most recent performance, which, should the young snakes be all nurtured to years of maturity and pigeon-swallowing, will net her masters perhaps the neat sum of ten thousand dollars. Considerable talk was made over the great python, in the zoological gardens of London, giving birth to a couple dozen of soft-shell eggs. Major Burnell's anaconda beats this, for the reptiles were born and not hatched.

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS celebrated Christmas at Saratoga, at the American Hotel, in a most delightful manner. A correspondent says: "After the concert at St. Nicholas Hall, the company repaired to the apartment in the hotel which had been fitted for their reception; there, upon a long table, could be seen a perfect load of presents, and a magnificent sight it was to behold. Everything seemed arranged with the utmost taste, and the presents selected showed discrimination and refinement. The principal gifts were those given to Father and Mother Kemp, and to Mrs. Nichols. Mrs. N. was the recipient of a magnificent amethist ring of a most costly setting. Mother Kemp's gift was from the company—a beautiful service of silver—with the engraving, "Forget us Not, Old Folks of 1864!" Mrs. Nichols made the presentation speech. Afterwards Father Kemp's token of remembrance, (also from the company,) a splendid meerschaum pipe of the most elaborate design and carving, was presented by Dr. Barker. Each one of the ladies received handsome presents from all the gentlemen in the party, Father K. and Mr. Nichols presenting them with some splendid jewelry caskets of costly appearance. Mr. McMichael, the worthy host of the American, received for a remembrancer, a beautiful album containing the pictures of the troupe. The time was spent in the most happy manner—a happy, joyous family of bright and cheery singers, whose songs have rang through this and other lands, at their Christmas festival. May they all live to enjoy many more such scenes."

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS sang to crowded houses in Albany and Troy last week. On the 2d they were advertised to sing in Amsterdam, thence to Mowhawk on the 3d, and Utica 4th and 5th insts.

THE BELMONT TROUPE, consisting of Prof. and Mad. Belmont, wizard and wizardess, and a few other performers, including Geo. Gray, who acts as business manager, was at Cumberland, Md., on Dec. 29th, giving entertainments.

A PANORAMA OF MILTON'S Paradise Lost has been on exhibition at Young Men's Hall, Detroit. It is pronounced a fine specimen of art. The city is extensively billed and the hall is usually well filled.

SOLLY HOWARD gave his last entertainment at Newark, Ohio, Dec. 26. He was assisted by Sig. Martini Chiriski.

A MUSEUM has been started in Indianapolis. Our correspondent says: "I have neglected to mention, ere this, a very popular resort for sight seekers of our goodly city and rural districts, the Indiana State Museum, an institution introduced here last summer, by Madam English, who has officiated as proprietress ever since its inauguration. She has labored untiringly to make it an acceptable place for all who admire curiosities of nature and art, and fortunately her efforts have been crowned with success. The museum is now one of the chief amusement places of the city. Almost two million curiosities are on exhibition now, and Madam English is still making additions to her stock. She never lets an opportunity slip to procure the rarest specimens. One of the principal attractions is the scene of the 'Trial of Christ,' represented by twenty-three wax figures designed from a painting taken from an engraving found on a rock in the city of Vienna. It is supposed to have been the work of Pontius Pilate himself, who, shortly after the crucifixion was banished thither. This scene alone is well worth the price of admission. Prof. W. H. Jukes, the Bohemian glass-blower, is always on hand, ready to elucidate and explain the *modus operandi* of his fairy-like manufactures.

CARTER'S ZOUAVE TROUPE exhibited in Cairo, Ill., recently, but there were too many places of amusement in operation for any single one to do much. The Zouaves left for Memphis, Tenn., where they opened on the 27th to a splendid house, giving much satisfaction by their performance. It is well to state, however, that shows must not go to Memphis with the expectation of making a *big* fortune.

MR. RUFUS SOMERBY'S Great Combination and Variety Show opened at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, to one of the largest houses ever assembled together in that hall, on the 23d ult. Mr. Somerby was put to a great inconvenience by one of the famous Snow Brothers being unable to appear, owing to a severe abscess in one of his arms. Dick Sands, the Levantin Brothers, and a large array of muscular, vocal, comic and dramatic talent are under this management. The receipts on Christmas were $965.50.

MR. AND MRS. H. WATKINS' entertainments at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, pleased the residents of the Quaker City, and achieved a success. The local papers speak highly of "Photographiana" and its exponents.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

PANTOMIMES are of course "all the rage" at the London, Eng., theatres during the Christmas holidays, and great pains are taken to get them up in elaborate style. The following is a list of those gotten up for the season of 1864-5 ..... At Her Majesty's Theatre H. J Byron has expanded the Nursery Legend of the "Lion of Windsor Fighting for the Crown" into a burlesque opening, which will have the assistance of George Honey and a strong body of vocalists for its interpretation ..... The Royal English Opera has a pantomime furnished by the Brothers Grinn, and produced under the immediate superintendence of Mr. A. Harris, entitled "Cinderella; or, Harlequin and the Magic Pumpkin and the Great Fairy of the Little Glass Slipper." W. H. Payne has the principal character in the opening, and the scenery, by T. Grieve, is unusually elaborate. The famous one-legged dancer, Donato, appears in the Harlequinade, for the first time in England ..... Drury-Lane Theatre is supplied by E. L. Blanchard, who has treated the story of "Hop o' My Thumb and His Eleven Brothers" in an entirely new manner. The principal characters in the opening were to be represented by Master Percy Roselle, Miss Lydia Thompson, Mr. G. Belmore, Miss Helen Howard, Mr. Tom Matthews and Miss Hudspeth. The scenery and effects, by Mr. William Beverley, are said to be exceedingly striking, and Mr. Robert Roxby secures the excellence of the stage arrangements. The fantastic and artistic designs of Dykwynkyn add to the humor of the induction ..... The Haymarket has a fairy burlesque by Mr. H. J. Byron, founded on a story by the Countess d'Aulnoy, not hitherto made use of for stage purposes, and which embraces the whole strength of the company ..... The Lyceum has a new one-act drama in which Mr. Fechter was to perform, and a revival of the celebrated drama of "Robert Macaire," in which that accomplished actor was to represent the hero, originally played by the celebrated Frederic Lemaitre ..... The Princess' continues the run of "The Streets of London," followed by a brief extravaganza ..... The Olympic is supplied by Mr. Burnand with a classical burlesque called "Cupid and Psyche." ..... The Strand has "The Grin Bushes," a burlesque by Mr. H. J. Byron on the old Adelphi drama ..... The Adelphi is also supplied by Mr. Byron with a burlesque on a classical subject ..... The St. James was to re-open, under Miss Herbert's management, with a new classical burlesque by Mr. W. Brough, founded on the mythological story of the Labors of Hercules. ..... Astley's is catered for by Mr. Greenwood, who has ingeniously attached a remarkable story to "Jack Sprat," of nursery memory ..... The Surrey is historical, and Richard Cœur de Lion is likely to figure in an entirely novel form ..... The Victoria has the marvelous Baron Munchausen for its hero ..... The New Royalty continues its popular extravaganza of "Snowdrop" ..... Sadler's Wells is provided by Mr. Millward with a local subject, uniting the history of Sir Hugh Myddelton with the Bailiff's Daughter of Islington ..... The Marylebone takes "The Bronze Horse" for its title; and the other theatres have pantomimes in preparation which seem likely to absorb all the names left in story-book and nursery rhyme.

MISS BRAND, styling herself "the Nightingale of New Orleans," has made her appearance in England. She professes to have spent three years in caring for the rebel prisoners in New Orleans, and to have been finally expelled by General Canby. On this basis she expects to get up a reputation as a martyr.

MISS SUSAN GALTON made her *debut* Dec. 4th, as Amina in "Somnambula" at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, and was successful. She is a niece of Louisa Pyne.

MISS JOEY GOUGENHEIM has returned to Melbourne from Sydney.

MISS CLEVELAND, with Mr. C. Vincent, are at Dunedin, New Zealand. They had just arrived, after a very successful season at Adelaide.

AFTER a most profitable season at Dunedin, the Lyster Opera Troupe visited Christchurch, N. Z., Oct. 28th.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON commenced a series of farewell performances on Oct. 17th, at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, in "Our American Cousin." On the 22d, the "Octoroon" was produced. As Asa Trenchard and Salem Scudder, Mr. Jefferson has no superior on the American Stage. He pays farewell visits to Tasmania and New Zealand, and then sails for England.

JOHN MAINVIECE, a well known vocalist, died at Newmarket, Eng., Nov. 28th, aged 69.

MR. AND MRS. CLARENCE HOLT are performing at the City of London Theatre.

MRS. CHIPPENDALE, wife of Mr. Chippendale, the stage manager of the Haymarket Theatre, London, Eng., died in that city Dec. 4th.

WM. MACARTE, comedian and stage manager of the St. Helen's Theatre, died in that town Dec. 2d, after a brief illness.

FREDERICK BERRY, well known in the Music Hall business, died in London, Dec. 3d.

MDLLE. DUPONT, a French actress, died in Paris on Nov. 9, at an advanced age.

COMMODORE NUTT and Minnie Warren commenced their levees in London, Eng., on Dec. 12th, at St. James' Hall.

JAMES STERNE, an old member of the profession, died at West Hartlepool, Eng., Dec. 8th, aged fifty-six.

MR. ACRAMAN, a member of the dramatic profession, died at London, Dec. 10th.

A PERFORMING FISH is the chief attraction at present at the Burlington Gallery, London. His food is fish, of which he consumes two stones' weight per diem, and his predilection is a fresh herring. One great feature in the exhibition is the celerity in doing what he is ordered. There is no hesitation whatever, but upon being told to turn a somersault he rolls over in the most complacent manner. He paddles with the right or left fin, as indicated by his trainer, and most obediently taps a tin tambourine held out to him.

AMUSEMENTS.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!
On the occasion of this
GRAND ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE PEOPLE.
PERFORMANCES NEARLY EVERY HOUR,
Commencing at 11 A. M.,
will be given of the
~~NEW AND GORGEOUS SPECTACLE,~~
RING OF FATE;
OR,
FIRE, AIR, EARTH, AND WATER.
produced at an expense of
OVER SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.
THE MOST MAGNIFICENT SCENERY,
THE MOST BRILLIANT COSTUMES,
THE MOST SUPERB APPOINTMENTS,
ever introduced upon the Museum stage.
WOODROFFE'S BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS will exhibit, at all hours, WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE,
TWO GLASS STEAM ENGINES
in full operation.
THREE FAT GIRLS, THREE GIANTS, TWO DWARFS, ALBINO BOY, GRAND AQUARIA, LIVING OTTERS, KANGAROOS, FRENCH MOVING FIGURES, AND A MILLION OTHER CURIOSITIES.
Admission 30 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents. 39-1t

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS,
199 and 201 BOWERY, opposite Spring street.
A HAPPY NEW-YEAR!
Decided success of the
DOUBLE COMPANY.
Crowded nightly to witness the astonishing performances of the great
OCTOPLEXZARA TROUPE,
who will appear nightly in conjunction with
CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS.
First week of the great
IMPALEMENT ACT.
Second week of the great sensation,
THE GIRAFFE DANCE.
First time of the new Pantomime,
THE STATUE LOVER.
Continued success of
SIGNOR ABIJAH COUSE'S ORIENTAL JUGGLING ACT.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, AT 2½ O'CLOCK,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.
DOORS OPEN ONE HOUR PREVIOUS TO PERFORMANCE

WINTER GARDEN,
EVENINGS
WITH
SHAKESPEARE.
EDWIN BOOTH
AS
HAMLET
TO-NIGHT, AND EVERY NIGHT,
the great sensation of the season,
BOOTH'S HAMLET.
The play is presented with
NEW SCENERY, MUSIC, PROPERTIES, AND MACHINERY,
in a style combining a
SPLENDOR OF PRODUCTION UNSURPASSED,
with strict historical accuracy.
Doors open at 6¾.
Curtain rises at 7½ precisely. 39

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,
514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c. ..... HENRY WOOD.
Doors open at 6½, Performances Commence at 7½ o'clock.
Re-appearance of the world renowned Comedian,
FRANK BROWER.
HAPPY UNCLE TOM,
HAMLET, SECESSION SOOTHERS,
PHOUR PHUNNY PHELLOWS,
MILLER AND HIS MEN, RIP TEARING JOHNNY,
I'D CHOOSE TO BE A BABY,
COMIC BANJO SOLOS, ... ON TO RICHMOND, &c.,
BY THE STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
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THE BEST COMEDIANS.
THE BEST QUARTETTE, and
THE BEST INSTRUMENTALISTS IN THE PROFESSION.
TICKETS 30 CENTS. RESERVED SEATS 50 CENTS.
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JAMES MAGUIRE, the Popular Irish Vocalist, is now open to negotiate with some TRAVELING COMBINATION SHOW. Address care of JAMES MAGUIRE,
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Lessee and Manager ..... WAL. WHEATLEY
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TUESDAY, Jan. 3d, 1865, FIRST NIGHT,
AFTER MONTHS OF PREPARATION,
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MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
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MR. BARNEY WILLIAMS as ..... PAT MALLOY.
With the song of "Pat Malloy."
MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS as ..... MAGGIE.
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Intricate Mechanical Effects, by J. A. Johnson and assistants.
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GREAT SENSATIONAL DRAMA,
owing to the
CROWDED HOUSES,
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1865. HAPPY NEW-YEAR! 1865.
ANOTHER COMIC SENSATION.
MR. JOHN E. OWENS'
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TO MANAGERS OF MINSTRELSY
AND THE PROFESSION GENERALLY.
BEWARE OF TOLEDO, OHIO.

The Board of Aldermen (without souls and unfit to live) has recently passed an ordinance requiring all Minstrel Troupe to pay a City Licence of the enormous and unreasonable sum of fifteen dollars per night. We appeared in that village on the 5th and 7th insts., and we had to pay the extraordinary amount of thirty dollars for the two evenings. All troupes or exhibitions of any kind visiting that place hereafter will be imposed on in the like manner. Therefore, beware of Toledo, unless you wish to get robbed of your greenbacks. If the village authorities insist and continue to charge such thieving high licences as this, they will make themselves and Toledo as famous for meanness as Steubenville Village, Ohio, and Richmond, Indiana.

The above article is published for the benefit of the profession generally. Respectfully yours,
CHAS. H. DUPREZ,
36-4t* Manager of Duprez & Green's Minstrels.

ATHENEUM, Cairo, Illinois.
GEO. T. CRUMP..PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.

The Spring and Summer season commences at this popular establishment on or about March 8th, 1865. Applications from the best artists in the profession are invited, to whom liberal salaries will be given. The regular season extends through ten months of the year. Also, Wanted—A first class STAGE CARPENTER, PROPERTY MAN and PROMPTER. Applications to be addressed to ROBERT JONES, Acting and Stage Manager, or to
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P. S.—Stars having time after March 25th will be liberally treated with. 38-3m

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THE ONLY EXHIBITION OF THE KIND IN THE WHOLE WORLD,
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